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A Great Racial Novel

ROAD OF AGES. By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE not put the above title upon this review other than advisedly. To my mind "Road of Ages" so perfectly accomplishes what it intends, springs from so large an imaginative conception, involves such richness of material with so great an economy of means, is written throughout in so consistently fine a style, that it deserves literary permanence. It is a vision of race that finally transcends race and becomes a great commentary upon humanity. It is one of those subtle and wise books, sometimes of an exquisite beauty, that makes one proud of the mind of man. Party shibboleths, the pronouncements of governments, the voice of the press, the voice of the mob, and the judgments of the general public, seem puerile and cheap beside its grave sagaciousness and its irony that is so inextricably mixed with tenderness.

It is the story of an imagined final exile of the Jews, who, driven out of every country, with even Palestine finally lost to them, have been offered asylum by the Mongols in the Gobi desert. Thither their vast concourse moves, with constant accretions from many lands. Out of this huge march of refugees the author selects certain characters upon which to focus our attention, characters of far-removed environments, of utterly different backgrounds—yet without ever allowing us to lose the impression of that infinitely wearisome hegira to a far distant horizon.

Mr. Nathan's vision in this novel is of the kind commonly called "epic," and a German novelist would have needed at least six hundred large pages of small print in which to set it forth. In considerably less than half that number of pages, and in comparatively large print with wide margins, one who is probably today our finest American stylist—master of an art that conceals art—has completely expressed himself. He has selected his characters with extreme skill—the Kovnitz Rabbi and his daughter; the French

(*Continued on page* 457)

Leaves Compared with Flowers

By ROBERT FROST

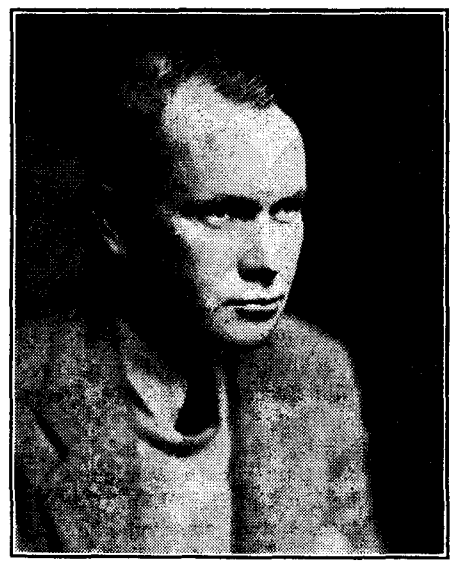
A TREE'S leaves may be ever so good.
So may its bark, so may its wood.
But unless you put the right thing to its root,
It never will show much flower or fruit.

But I may be one who does not care
Ever to have tree bloom or bear.
Leaves for smooth, and bark for rough,
Leaves and bark may be tree enough.

Some giant trees have bloom so small
They might as well have none at all.
Late in life I have come on fern.
Now lichens are due to have their turn.

I bade men tell me which in brief,
Which is fairer, flower or leaf.
They did not have the wit to say
Leaves by night and flowers by day.

Leaves and bark, leaves and bark,
To lean against and hear in the dark.
Petals I may have once pursued.
Leaves are all my darker mood.



VINCENT SHEEAN

Reporter's Record of the Post-War Years

PERSONAL HISTORY. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. SHEEAN was eighteen when the Armistice came. Whatever it may have meant to others, "to me it meant that we in the University of Chicago, that mountain range of twentieth-century Gothic near the shores of Lake Michigan, went out of uniform and into civilian clothes." The boys felt cheated. But in young Mr. Sheean's case, life and luck soon made up for their unkindness, and in the next ten years he saw more than enough of war and blood.

Leaving the university and "the couple of thousand young nincompoops [of whom he feels he was one] whose ambition in life was to get into the right fraternity or club, go to the right parties, and get elected to something or other," he drifted into newspaper work by way of the tabloid *Daily News* of New York and the Paris edition of *The Chicago Tribune*, and in a surprisingly short time—thanks, partly, it would seem, to the energetic fashion in which he acquired fluency in French and Italian—was covering international conferences and hobnobbing, at least as working foreign correspondents may do, with dictators and Foreign Ministers.

The decade was a sort of golden age for the young American, and when the revolutionary enthusiasms which now preoccupy him are older, he will doubtless look back on it as such. He saw more or less intimately all the big roarers and trumpeteers in the European political zoo. He was one of the few to get into the Rif and become acquainted with Abd el-Krim. Persia followed that, and there was his serio-comic arrest in Spain, with Primo de Rivera himself turning him loose at last with appropriate gestures of astonishment and indignation. Again adventures in the Rif, then Soviet Russia, then China at the most fateful moment of its national revolution. And after China—which brought a revolution in Mr. Sheean's own mind and heart—there was his experience in Palestine and his unique view of the tragic clash between Zionists and Arabs at the Wailing Wall in 1929.

The mere enumeration of these places gives little notion of all that Mr. Sheean got out of them, both for himself and for the readers of this unusually lively and interesting record. The "adventures" looked after themselves, he was where

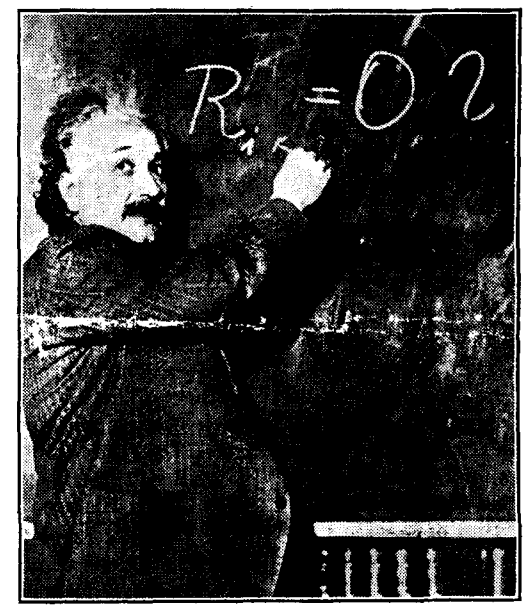
(*Continued on page* 458)

Newton and the Modern Age

BY F. S. C. NORTHROP

IF one would understand the modern world, there is no person more important to study than Isaac Newton. Although Galileo discovered the fundamental concepts which are at its basis, it was Newton who took these concepts and demonstrated their adequacy for the entire astronomical universe. Hence, it was with Newton that the cosmological outlook of the modern man received systematic formulation. In fact, it was not until his "Principia" that one had proof, rather than merely good circumstantial evidence, for the heliocentric theory of Copernicus. Nor was it before Newton that convincing proof of the breakdown of the medieval world was at hand.

This point is of sufficient importance to merit further elucidation. It is customary for historians, who are prone to write history with only the most casual reference to science, to place the origin of the modern era very much earlier, at the time either of the Protestant Reformation or the Renaissance. This is, I believe, a mistake. For there was nothing in the Protestant Reformation before 1600 that involved a rejection of either the Platonic or Aristotelian metaphysical outlook which defined the pre-modern period. Luther himself was trained in the theology of St. Augustine. Moreover, in so far as he thought at all about intellectual matters, he believed in the reality and the authority of the Church Invisible. All that he or the Reformation denied was the claim of the Roman Church that it was the sole earthly representative of the Church Invisible. Thus the Reformation itself involved no change in man's intellectual outlook. The theology of the church remained Aristotelian or Platonic as it was before.



THE END OF NEWTON'S UNIVERSE?
Einstein writes a new equation in lecture at Mount Wilson Observatory. Keystone photo.

The same was true of science before Galileo and Newton. Copernicus and Kepler were confirmed Platonists. To be sure, Newton imagined he was a Platonist also. But what marks the difference between the Platonism of Newton and that of Copernicus and Kepler is that whereas Galileo's and Newton's science, when analyzed with reference to its metaphysical consequences, required a metaphysics, specified by Galileo, Descartes, and Locke, which necessitated the rejection of Platonism and Aristotelianism, Copernicus's and Kepler's science necessitated Platonism. Newton failed utterly to draw the correct philosophical consequences of his own physics, as we shall see later, because of his faulty conception of philosophical method. But with Copernicus and Kepler the case was different. The astronomical universe, as revealed by them, had its scientific basis in perfect, eternal, immutable geometrical forms united together, after the stereometrical model of Plato's "Timæus," into an ideal, non-physical mathematical unity which only the intellect could grasp. This immutable, perfect, rational unity was the basis of the theological theory that nature is the expression of the divine; it was also the basis of the authority of the Church Invisible. In this connection it is to be noted also that the concept of mass does not enter into the astronomy of Copernicus and Kepler. Theirs is a purely kinematic theory dealing only with perfect geometrical orbits and ratios between times and distances. Hence, with Copernicus, Kepler, and Luther, there was still every evidence that either the Platonic or the Aristotelian metaphysics and cosmology must define the intellectual outlook of informed men. As long as this was the case the medieval world existed.

It was Galileo and Newton who initiated and systematically formulated the break from this outlook. One consideration will suffice to make this clear. The physics of Galileo and Newton made measurable masses and forces primary and revealed the orbits of the heavenly bodies, not as ideal, perfect, indestructible forms, but as the mere effect or necessary consequence of the compounding of these masses and forces. Hence, once Newton admitted, as he did, that individual molar astronomical masses could decompose, and thereby, because of the proofs established in his "Principia," alter or destroy the supposedly eternal perfect orbits, Newton

This Week

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR
By B. H. LIDDELL HART
Reviewed by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford

SOLD OUT TO THE FUTURE
By ROY HELTON
Reviewed by Fabian Franklin

WHAT OF TOMORROW?
By OGDEN MILLS
Reviewed by Guido Pantaleoni, Jr.

THE HARSH VOICE
By REBECCA WEST
Reviewed by L. Cabot Hearn

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN
By J. L. GARVIN
Reviewed by H. Donaldson Jordan

PERLUSTRATION
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

PARTNERS IN PLUNDER
By J. B. MATTHEWS and R. E. SHALLCROSS
Reviewed by Hugh S. Johnson

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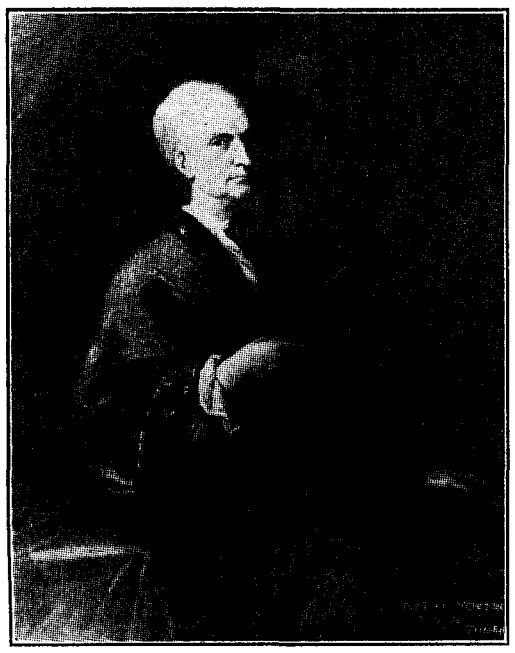
could utter all the Platonic sentiments he pleased, about the beauties of mathematics and the necessity of God to explain astronomy, but Platonism was dead,—dead because he together with Galileo had killed it. It was only his faulty conception of philosophical method which caused him to fail to see this point, as Laplace saw it later. Thus with one stroke the whole ideal, mathematically grounded rational unity of the medieval world came tumbling down. Nature, instead of being conceived as a universe grounded in one ideal, eternal, unalterable, geometrical structure which only the intellect can grasp, was revealed as a multiverse of limitless aggregates of masses producing their paths as the mere effects of the compounding of inertial and attractive forces. With this philosophical outlook the modern world opens. The man who gave it rigorous scientific formulation was Isaac Newton.



ISAAC NEWTON
From the painting by Sir James Thornhill.

Newton the man has hitherto had scant treatment from biographers. The traditional biography by Brewster concentrates attention upon his scientific achievements and presents the temperamental and social and psychological side of Newton as of secondary importance. Impressed with what is really important about Newton, namely, the empirical and logical, truly architectonic capacity of his intellect, Brewster sees only the genius and hero, and led on by this actual ideal, he makes the earthly fellow of Trinity and citizen of Newton's life in the excellent, devoted, and scholarly biography of Newton the man which Mr. More has written.

One important point emphasized by Mr. More requires comment. Newton gave a major portion of his time and energy to theological matters, and suggested a distinction between science and philosophy which has determined the opinion of both scientist and layman upon these subjects. This distinction is sound so far as science is concerned, but fallacious and misleading for philosophy. The notion is that science is concerned with theory which can be "deduced from experiment," to use Newton's words, whereas philosophy is given over to speculative matters, in which, by the way, Newton indulged rather freely, with results which are hardly to his credit.

Strictly speaking, it is impossible to "deduce" anything "from experiment," for an experiment gives only one or two concrete facts, whereas deduction is impossible unless there is at least one universal proposition. Newton's "Principia," itself, does not begin with a description of experiments and then end with the basic concepts and laws of his theory. Exactly the reverse is the case. It is a deductive, not an inductive, treatise. Eight definitions and three laws are prescribed at the beginning, then proofs follow which show how the laws of Kepler and other verifiable consequences follow from them. What Newton meant was that Galileo and

ture of Newton the man, turns to the sources, and, taking Newton's life in its chronological order, gives an account of Newton in his actual human relationships.

Mr. More reveals many shortcomings in his hero, but after all these admissions have been made the genius of Newton still remains. What other scientists saw singly and in part, Newton saw in part more clearly, and together as a whole. Standing upon the shoulders of Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo, Descartes, and Barrow, to mention but a few, as the Florentine painter stood upon the shoulders of Leonardo and Raphael, Newton is the Michael Angelo of the scientific world. Judged by the rigorous logical and physical ideal which he established in the "Principia" and made effective in two and one-half centuries of Western culture, Newton was perfect, considering the scientific knowledge of his time, both in theory and practice; judged by the earthly body, attacked by migraine, in which his brain achieved that ideal, he was imperfect and mortal like other humans. To reflect upon Newton from these two standpoints is not merely to know the architect of the modern universe, but to discover the inadequacy of a humanistic philosophy as a complete criterion of values.

The person who would understand Newton from the first standpoint must trace the logical development of scientific ideas from Galileo through Huygens to the premises of the "Principia" and then on through the proofs of the "Principia" to the discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler and the observations of Flamsteed, bringing the mathematical ideas and proofs of Euclid, Appolonius, Descartes, and of Barrow's, Newton's, and Leibnitz's calculus into the synthesis. The person who would know Newton from the second standpoint, with occasional glimpses of the first, can do nothing better than to trace the chronological development of

* *ISAAC NEWTON. By Louis Trenchard More. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $4.50.*

tween masses, the precise consequences for the pull of the earth on the moon which observation reveals could be deduced. The reader who would follow this in detail will find it outlined in W. W. R. Ball's "Short History of Mathematics."

But Galileo's experiments had verified Newton's notions of mass and force only for a local falling ball on the surface of the earth; they told nothing concerning what would happen with the moon. Thus, strictly speaking, experiment had not given Newton the applicability of Galileo's concepts to heavenly bodies. Newton had to assume the universal applicability of Galileo's concepts as an hypothesis and then verify the correctness of the hypothesis by deducing its consequences and checking for the case of the moon, by appeal to Flamsteed's observations. Thus if Newton thought he was deducing all his assumptions from experiment without the use of the method of hypothesis, he was fooling himself. It is more reasonable to suppose that what he meant by the statement "I make no hypotheses" is that the validity of the hypothesis turned not on the fact that it involves an assumption, but on the fact that the assumption is verified in the verification of its deductive consequences.

This emphasis upon the necessity of verification by observation and experiment was tremendously important for science. Newton's conception of sound philosophical method as speculation concerning that which cannot be verified was not so fortunate. There can be little doubt but that this represents the average scientist's and layman's conception of philosophy. Yet it represents a completely false conception of true philosophical method. The correct method in philosophy was used by Descartes in Newton's own time with results which were no more speculative than the physics of Newton. This correct method consists in analyzing the basic concepts and principles of the verified theories of the natural sciences to determine the general metaphysical principles which they exemplify and which their acceptance necessitates. It is to be emphasized that philosophy determined by this method is just as certain as the verified scientific theory from which it is derived. This appears clearly in the metaphysics of Descartes and Locke which Descartes's analysis of the science of the sixteenth century established. When one notes that Galileo's and Descartes's and Newton's physics defines the physical world solely in terms of primary qualities, and thereby makes all secondary qualities, such as perceived colors and sounds, subjective, it is evident that the Cartesian metaphysical distinction between material substance and mental substance is inescapable. This was not speculation beyond the sixteenth and seventeenth century physics; it was implicit in that physics. In fact Galileo himself saw that the distinction was required, even before Descartes and Locke.

The false conception of philosophical method which Newton suggested had an unfortunate effect, not merely upon the scientist's and layman's conception of philosophy but also upon Newton himself. Instead of using his tremendous mind to think effectively in philosophy and theology, as did Descartes, Leibnitz, Locke, Hume, and Kant, Newton's false conception of philosophical method led him off into the most puerile speculations concerning the Book of Daniel and Revelations. Hence, notwithstanding the fact that the greatest scientist of all time gave almost as much attention to theology as he did to science, he is negligible as a philosopher, outside natural philosophy in the sense of physics, or as a profound theologian. It is as a mathematical physicist that we must judge Newton if we are to appreciate one of the greatest minds of all time. Precisely because his sound sense of scientific method and his faulty conception of philosophical method have determined scientific and popular thought upon these matters, he represents at once the greatness and the weakness of the modern world at its best.

detracts from his tremendous achievement. Without his work the recent advances which have revealed the limitation, but not the falsity, of his principle would not have been possible. Moreover, through all the recent revolutionary changes his conception of scientific method, and his criteria for the designation of any theory as scientific, persist; if the work of Einstein, Planck, and deBroglie leads to a different conception of the architecture of nature, and to a different formulation of the principles of philosophy, then the modern world has come to its end. It will still be true, however, that Isaac Newton is the architect of the modern universe, and that a knowledge of his accomplishments is essential for an understanding of one of the greatest periods in the history of western civilization.

F. S. C. Northrop, professor of philosophy at Yale University, has specialized in the history of science. He is the author of "Science and First Principles."

An Expert Dispels the Illusions of War

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By B. H. Liddell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART'S "History of the Great War," published four years ago, has already taken its place as a classic. It is perhaps the only one of the innumerable war histories that is entirely satisfactory. The subject is so vast, and the mass of relevant material accumulates so fast, as to baffle even the most accomplished writers. They either, like the official chroniclers, lose themselves in a mass of technical detail, so that you cannot see the wood for the trees, or else they fall back on the methods of journalism and produce an account that is misleading in proportion to its lucidity. The present thoroughgoing revision of Captain Liddell Hart's work maintains it on its plane of eminence.

Captain Liddell Hart has the double advantage of being a military expert of world-wide reputation, and a fastidious artist of letters. It is the artist in him that has contrived to combine thoroughness with lucidity by a selective economy of material. He does not attempt to tell the whole story of the war in more than the briefest outline. But in addition he chooses twenty-eight in all of what one may call the key episodes, for thorough elucidation. If he had treated the whole war on this scale the work would have run into several volumes instead of a compact one.

There are dangers in the method, and I think that even Captain Liddell Hart has not wholly steered clear of them. It is after all a tremendous responsibility to constitute oneself official valuer for one's reader, and to decide just what part of the story it is good for him to hear, and what part may legitimately be skimmed over. His selection is on the whole admirable, especially with the one or two additional episodes embodied in the present

the most noteworthy, and perhaps the decisive, episode of its last year is passed over altogether, except in the summary. I refer to the forcing of the Siegfried or Hindenburg line by an inferior number of Allied—almost entirely British—divisions, a feat that had the effect of breaking even Ludendorff's nerve, and starting the moral avalanche that ended in a German collapse.

It is perhaps ungenerous to suggest that, subconsciously, Captain Liddell Hart may have fought a little shy of an episode so hard to reconcile with the military doctrine with which his own name is indissolubly associated, that of the indirect approach on the line of least expectation. For Haig had once again, as he had done with such disastrous effect on the Somme and in the Ypres salient, chosen the direct approach by the line of most expectation, struck a sledge-hammer blow at the enemy's strongest point, and this time smashed triumphantly through. Of which

"THE SPECTACLED AND OUTWARDLY UNHEROIC FIGURE OF GALLIENI"
The military governor of Paris inspects volunteers as Germans get within striking distance of Paris. From "The First World War" (Simon & Schuster).

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the moral seems to be that the merit of the indirect approach is to weaken the enemy to such an extent morally and materially as to ensure the success of the final and decisive blow. It is only in the rarest circumstances that it is possible to secure decisive success by manœuvre alone.

But this is after all a matter of opinion, and where there is so much for which to be thankful it is perhaps ungenerous to sound a note of hypercriticism. Let us go on to add that we know of no book of modern times so rich in that creative imagination which is above all things necessary for the historian. It is safe to say that every one of Captain Liddell Hart's twenty-eight episodes is calculated to place the whole subject of which it treats in a new and even startling light. This is more than ever the case now that he has had time to revise them in the light of newly published information, and of his own ripened reflection.

It is difficult to pick out particular sections, where all are on so high a level of excellence, but we cannot refrain from calling attention to the elucidation of that most complicated and in many ways most obscure episode of the war constituted by the first Battle of the Marne. Here, Captain Liddell Hart has a brilliant competitor in Mr. Winston Churchill, who, in another revised version, that of his "World Crisis," has devoted special attention to this greatest of the world's decisive battles. And nothing can surpass the epic sweep and grandeur of Mr. Churchill's prose. But where Captain Liddell Hart excels is in that coolness of judgment which, according to Napoleon, is the first quality of a soldier. In his apportionment of praise and blame he never allows himself to be carried away, never yields to the temptation of oversimplifying his story. Which makes it all the more significant that out of a tangle of infinite complications there emerges, with a sense of inevitability, the spectacled and outwardly unheroic figure of Gallieni. One is left wondering what would have been the result if the phlegmatic and jealous Joffre had boldly trusted to Gallieni's vision, instead of cramping and ultimately superseding him. Or if the British commanders had had the moral courage to push boldly into the gap opened, as the result of Gallieni's attack, between the armies of Von Kluck and Von Bülow. Perhaps the First Marne might have been immediately instead of ultimately decisive.

This book is not merely interesting as might be the chronicle of "Old, unhappy, far off things and battles long ago." The war is fresh in the memory of all but the youngest of us; its tragic effects are still with us; it is of vital importance that we should know the real and inner truth of it. It is so easy for an unblooded generation to visualize the mass butchery of men by machinery as a glorious adventure, and the life of a soldier on active service as, in Mr. Kipling's words, the "lordliest on earth." Such illusions will never be dispelled by the open propaganda of pacifism. Youth does not take kindly to being preached at. But Captain Liddell Hart is, at least ostensibly, no pacifist. Whatever his private sentiment may be, he approaches the art of war with the sympathy of an artist. And this lends the force of conviction to his account of the sordid and tragic futility that war really is. No more than the statesmen did the military leaders display, from first to last, the most elementary understanding of, or power to control, the frightful forces that the war had unloosed. Millions of lives were sacrificed, and the whole fabric of society undermined because it is not God, but Man himself, to whom we ought to apply that tremendous blasphemy of Nietzsche:

> Hath he not made the world in his own image—as stupid as possible!

That, to the mind of at least one reader, is the conclusion that emerges from the perusal of Captain Liddell Hart's book, all the more inevitably from its austere concentration, not on the moral, but on the truth of the story.

* *

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford is the author of "They That Take the Sword," "The Victorian Aftermath" and other historical works.

Debunking the Future

SOLD OUT TO THE FUTURE. By Roy Helton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

TO state in a few words the essential content of this book is to do it great injustice; for the thing that gives it importance is the energy, the variety, and in many passages, the eloquence with which its theses are supported. It is true, nevertheless, that the essential content of these theses is extremely simple. They are, first, that the future of human affairs cannot be predicted; secondly, that the modern world has, in a peculiar degree, been under the dominion of the delusion that such predictions can be made and of an unquestioning confidence in their soundness; thirdly, that, largely as a result of this confidence, the world has been ready to forgo great good attainable and enjoyable in the present for the sake of an expected greater good to be realized in the future, a good which there is in general no sound reason to think will actually be realized; and fourthly, that conduct based on this expectation is not only futile as regards the future, but is the chief source of the devastating ills under which humanity suffers in the present.

Mr. Helton's exhibition of "dismally wrong" guesses about the future is abundantly sufficient; and they comprise not only errors of financiers and social reformers, but also those of eminent men of

ROY HELTON
Photo by Sherril Schell

science. In this domain, the most striking instance cited by Mr. Helton is the spectacular error of one of the greatest of American savants, Simon Newcomb, who, on the very eve of the Wright brothers' triumph, insisted that there could be no important future for heavier-than-air machines; but he might have cited the precisely similar error of Dionysius Lardner, whose scientific proof of the impossibility of effective ocean transportation by steamships was in like manner immediately brought to naught by practical demonstration.

More novel, but also less successful, is Mr. Helton's argument as to the enormous harm—not merely negative harm, deprivation of present joys, but positive harm in the shape of war, hate, and all manner of disaster—that has come from our too great preoccupation with the future. How far he goes may be judged from this passage:

> Marshal all the cruelties of the past generation, the horrors of invasion and battle, the injustice of economic exploitation, the pogroms, the jehads, still man is good enough: for not one of those horrors of his own making but grew like a fester in his heart from a denial of today and a worship of tomorrow.

It seems hardly necessary to show that so extreme a view springs from a preoccupation, amounting to an obsession, with a single idea. Mr. Helton's argument enormously simplifies his case by ignoring passions and interests which, though more or less connected with the future, are not primarily related to it. And another thing which he even more completely ignores is the beneficent aspect of a care for the future. For example, he constantly girds at the Constitution of the United States as an attempt to bind the future; but he cites almost no instances of harm that it has done, and dwells with emphasis only on such perversions of the very idea of a Constitution as the Eighteenth Amendment. Has it ever occurred to him to consider what, on the whole, would have been the history of the United States if its founders had not taken thought of the future and embodied that thought in the structure of the government which they established?

It remains to consider whether the book is as the publishers' jacket says, "revolutionary" and is "a vital and dynamic contribution to human thought." These two claims may seem to be inseparable; but they are not. The book certainly is "dynamic," and it teaches a doctrine the general acceptance of which would, in practical effect, be "revolutionary." For we are being urged on all sides, and especially by a host of reformers and doctrinaires, to regulate our lives by aims and aspirations based on limitless hope for the future of the human race; and Mr. Helton's protest against the sacrifice of certain present good for the sake of highly uncertain benefits to be enjoyed in an indefinitely distant future is powerful and wholesome. Even more clearly wholesome is his vigorous rejection of the notion of inevitability in human affairs; a notion which, speaking generally, is utterly unjustified by our capacity to foresee the future, and yet, in the most crucial issues of our time, exercises an immeasurably potent influence on the public mind. All this runs counter to a very strong current in present-day opinion and sentiment; and it is in its opposition to this current, and not in its character as a "contribution to human thought" that its dynamic quality resides. There is much about the basic philosophy of science, and about some of its specific problems; but, while these passages show the author's familiarity with the history of science, they serve to give the appearance rather than the reality of philosophic depth to his argument. Thus Laplace's declaration about the whole future of the universe being determined by its condition at a given instant, to which Mr. Helton devotes a great deal of attention, has no real bearing on his thesis; for the predictability of the future of the universe by an intelligence capable of taking in all its data and computing their result has absolutely no relation to the predictability of the future of mankind by the human intelligence.

Debunking the Present

WHAT OF TOMORROW? By Ogden L. Mills. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by GUIDO PANTALEONI, JR.

THIS is a grand book. It consists of a collection of speeches made by Ogden L. Mills in 1933 and 1934 on the state of the nation and, lest the thought of reading speeches by a politician, and a bankrupt Republican at that, discourage anyone, let me add that I felt that way about it too. In fact, the feeling continued through Chapter I and part of Chapter II but no further.

The speeches do not follow each other chronologically nor are they grouped with regard to subject matter. I suspect that they were arranged in the order of their temperance, the first mild, the second a little stronger, the next to last a rip-snorter, and the final one a gentle benediction. Because each chapter is a speech delivered without thought that it might some time become a chapter of a book, there is considerable repetition of ideas, but the method of presentation and the illustrations are different and always interesting.

Though a politician, Mr. Mills uses all

OGDEN L. MILLS
Photo by Harris and Ewing

words carefully, adjectives sparingly. The Grand Old Party is kept at a respectful distance. In this day of national insanity on almost all economic and social questions Mr. Mills has the courage to attack the conception that we can spend our way to prosperity.

> Granted that no one ever shot Santa Claus, is there any reason why the entire adult population should take to believing in him?

He attacks in temperate language, but most effectively, the disastrous conception which underlies all good New Deal philosophy, that overproduction and excessive plant capacity are the cause instead of mere symptoms of the depression. In this connection he gives an amusing report made by a commissioner of labor in 1886, which sets forth all of the absurdities now suddenly rediscovered and advanced as new by the technocrats, the utopians, and the followers of Mr. Townsend. He believes that great damage has been done by the AAA and NRA in compelling the efficient low cost producer to reduce pro rata with the weak high cost producer. He disagrees with the whole ridiculous price theory of the Administration. In a chapter entitled "Recovery or Bust" he states:

> Monetary manipulation was undertaken on the false assumption that an artificial rise in prices would in and of itself do good. It does nothing of the kind. What is vitally important is not a particular price level, but such relationships between prices within the price structure as will permit goods to move freely from producer to consumer, always remembering that all producers are consumers, and all consumers producers. For instance, the fact that agricultural prices are low is nothing like so important as the fact that they are relatively much lower than the prices of manufactured goods.

Of course, with at least sixty per cent of the population of this country involved in day dreams of the most fascinating character, the common sense and reality of Mr. Mills's thinking will appear tame. Judged by this standard, it does not compare with the writings of Tugwell and others who think they have found a fulcrum and are busily employed at their lever trying to move the whole world. And yet Mr. Mills's basic plea for a dynamic and not a static form of society, for liberty of thought and action in economic matters, so that political and spiritual liberty may continue, is, in fact, if not in phantasy, a grandiose conception. Mr. Mills believes, and there are still some of us left who agree with him, that posterity will some day realize that the creative drive in almost all fields of activity during the last one hundred and fifty years cannot be divorced from that political and economic liberty which we enjoyed during that same period.

The book is only 151 rather small pages of fairly large print and can be read quickly and easily. It is sincere, honest, and in no sense political ballyhoo. In short, it is the kind of a book that a politician in a democracy ought to write (for the good of the democracy, not for his own) and so seldom does. Mr. Mills deserves a hand. That will be about all he will get.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Better Books, Better Men

Fear, as the psychologists define it, is something you all have. Look for it now, and you may find it: fear in the most unexpected places, fear where you thought you were boldest, fear which is a lurking menace to honesty and self-expression. And groups and societies and eras have their own fears, of which the current one among writers, critics, and readers, is the fear of being moral.

The stories of Hemingway are full of fears, of which the most obvious is the fear of acting like a cowardly conventionalist who accepts the standards of his bourgeois neighbors. The expressionist school of writers, from James Joyce to Sean O'Casey and its ultimate in Gertrude Stein, is obsessed by the fear that its work may become a pattern of how man should act instead of expressing the true behavior of the emotions. On a lower plane, the innumerable writers of books about the decaying, the dismal, and the defeated, are terribly afraid of tenderness, humor, or hope, that trinity which birthed the Victorian novel. And professional reviewers, modernist critics, and even, or especially, the intelligent talkers about books, conceal more or less successfully a gnawing fear of the ethical aspects of the books they talk and write about.

Naturally they dodge the ethical as one dodges the inquiry, What is God?, for merely to raise the question in any work of art, but particularly in poetry, or fiction, or the drama, is to bring down on one's head a mountain of dialectic, with slogans like Art for Art's Sake, or Literature of the Revolution banging about one's ears. Hence, not only literature but also criticism has been essentially descriptive, negative, unmoral, or devoted to the proposition that whatever is true of the human animal is good in art as it is in science.

But we shall have to get rid of some of our hidden fears and shatter many of our dogmatisms. The old question, Does his reading make a better or worse man?, will not down. We no longer mean a better Republican or Democrat, not even a better citizen, and certainly not a better candidate for a Methodist or Catholic heaven. But a better mind, more alive, more self-expressive, more understanding, happier with the happiness which comes from intensity of imaginative experience, we must mean, or reduce the reading of books to the level of a kill-time or an information bureau.

The history of literary criticism is very discouraging. Every age has ridden some obsession to fatigue—moral significance, self-expression, perfection of form, an idea of social revolution, or conformity to a classic model. But the great critics have never been all wrong, and, with very few exceptions, nothing they have urged as the duty of literature can be labelled old stuff and safely forgotten.

Since the era of applied science began we have been as curious as monkeys, and like monkeys we have clambered in and out and over, not only the framework but also the dirty nooks and corners of the social structure. We have stuck our paws into hidden cracks in the psyche, and, perching on the roof tree, felt the building under us swaying in the winds of doctrine. It has been the age of controlled experiment in literature, and journalism also, with "Tell Me," not "Teach Me" as its motto. But whatever else may hold for poetry and fiction and drama, one test must sooner or later be brought back and applied. It is not the only test. It is not an exclusive test, because in the future as in the past many a writer and many a book will fail to satisfy the requirements and yet be well worth writing and reading. Yet until we do begin to apply it again and rigorously we will stay muddle-minded as most readers and critics are at present, afraid to express final judgments because they are afraid to admit that their pets in literature do not in this respect satisfy the tests for the best, however else they may qualify.

We must ask whether the stories of mean and defeated lives, or squalid circumstance corroding the mind beyond hope of escape, of split and obsessed personalities, of killers, gangsters, homosexuals, brittle cynics, and cruel fanatics, whether the incoherent experimenters in mixed sounds or involuted ideas, whether the vulgarians, and the erotics, and the school of violence, and the school of horror, and the analysts of the obscene, do make better men of their readers—whether they contribute to wisdom as well as to knowledge, to delight as well as to curiosity, to ethics as well as to general experience, to civilization as much as to self-knowledge, to a hope for a future worth living as often as to a destructive analysis of the past and the present. This is no argument for optimism; it is not even an attack on the literature of defeatism, for it is the duty as well as the necessity of this tormented age to suffer gladly not only fools but also the gadflies and maggots which have destroyed our too easy confidence. But if the books that have the most acclaim just now are not making better men in the sense defined above, then no matter how much of good literature they may have in them, they have not all of it, and certainly not its best part.

President Conant of Harvard has recently deplored the tendency to call a halt to scientific advance until we learn how to control science. He is right. We wish no defeatism blocking the progress of knowledge. But it might be added that it is equally important to emphasize and encourage those other studies which may show man how to co-ordinate and control our discoveries until knowledge contributes to morals as much as it has already contributed to the destructiveness of war. Wisdom is the best of all goals.

If the Marxists, who are certainly out after a new ethics, can get satisfaction out of this argument they are welcome to it. That is a different kind of row, and our shirt sleeves are rolled up for it.

"WELL, MY FAVORITE AUTHOR WAS HORATIO ALGER."

To the Editor: *The Morgan Library; Plebiscite, Continued*

Opening the Morgan Library

SIR:—I am writing to you about that suggestion in the editorial of January 19th, to have the Morgan Library open to the public once a week without restriction of any sort. Having just spent a morning in the New York Public Library at 42nd Street, my reaction to that suggestion was to pound my head against the wainscotting and moan. I am willing to bet that the author of that suggestion has not been compelled to spend much time of late in the public libraries of our town. Some years before the Second American Revolution took place, public libraries were delightful places to read in and do research work in. (Before I say more, I wish to state that I am one of those people mentioned in your editorial who longed to see the Morgan Library but did not know how to go about getting permission to do so. I think that makes my criticism of your suggestion not only impersonal but just.) Now the public libraries, particularly the 42nd Street one, are simply loathsome. All the chairs in the Magazine Room and Newspaper Room are filled with down-and-outers, the overflow from Bryant Park and Central. All the marble seats on the stairs are filled with more down-and-outers, their feet swathed in newspapers. Many of these men are obviously feeble-minded and degenerate. Besides the down-and-outers, communists with mops of hair like black moss gabble in the corridors, or engage in amorous dalliance on the stairs. Then there are the cross-word puzzle addicts. I don't mind them so much because they don't smell as badly as the down-and-outers and the communists. I think it is the smell I resent the most rather than the actual presence of these people, nauseating as that is.

It so happened that I wished to take out for reference purposes a copy of Sir John Mandeville's "Travels," several translations of the Bestialia, and some books on dragons. The librarian stared at me with a hopeless sullen expression (for which I don't blame him now in the least) and asked me what I intended to do with them. I said somewhat hesitatingly and apologetically that I intended to read them. He now regarded me darkly with what was obviously suspicion. "You want to read them?" he said slowly like a criminal lawyer cross-examining the State's witness. I began to feel guilty, all the more guilty because I did not know the reason why I felt so. Then I thought that he might possibly think the books were obscene. You never can tell how people's mind will work. I suggested, "Was anything wrong with the books?" He pulled himself together and, looking me hard in the eye, snapped, "Are you going to use them for cross-word puzzles?" Although I told him that I would rather be shot at sunrise than solve a cross-word puzzle, he still seemed unconvinced, and with the utmost reluctance gave me back my slips. I am not blaming the librarian. On the contrary, I have found most librarians extraordinarily kind and helpful. I felt only pity for him. But the people I did resent were the cross-word puzzle addicts, although what they would do with a book about the Bestialia is beyond me.

If Mr. Morgan follows the advice in your editorial for January 19, he will merely be turning a library into a more comfortable annex to the armories now thrown open to the unemployed. It has been said of late how inspiring it is to think of the great increase in reading since the depression. I am sure many of the books drawn out are used merely as a blind for a down-and-outer to have a warm, comfortable seat. I know it's tragic and all that that anyone should want a warm, comfortable seat, but after all, scholars and research workers deserve some regard, too. Not to mention the books. There ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books. And here I disagree again with the writer of that editorial. That part about literature becoming more and more dehumanized. That's nonsense. There will always be people who from the time they learn to read will find their way to the great books of the past and the present. Why pander to the others? Why insult the great masterpieces by rubbing the noses of the underdogs in them as if they were so much vomit?

Open the Morgan Library and who will throng its halls, pushing the gentle scholars away, ruining the silence for readers to whom Shelley, Pope, and Ben Jonson are not dehumanized? The rag-tail and bob-tail. The rabble. The down-and-outers. The feeble-minded (found in all these groups) and the cross-word puzzle addicts. Three threads that when woven together form the pattern of the Depression. Interesting to a historian, perhaps, but not to a bibliophile longing for the gentle peace that is to be found only in woods and libraries.

DOROTHY HOMANS.

New York City.

[The editorial in question suggested the opening of the Morgan Library to the public for one day a week, under any restrictions that the management might see fit to impose in order to guarantee its proper use. Some of Miss Homans's fears seem irrelevant.—THE EDITOR.]

Answering Mrs. Gerould

SIR:—Yes, the American essay will die from suffocation unless some of the able-minded youths in our colleges are stimulated into writing something other than catchy articles apt only to the time being.

How can a teacher of literature keep that zest and gusto about her unless she deals in the periodicals? Students of today demand keeping up-to-date. They do not want facts for the sake of facts alone; the modern student wants to hear those facts interpreted by some intelligent person. He has a desire and a right to know what people are thinking upon certain issues.

The reflective essay has in it qualities which we can find no place else. I am sure that if editors could see students reading and discussing their periodicals, they would try to find more Morleys, Bellocs, Leacocks, and Reppliers.

MARIAN I. CONLEY.

Marion, Ohio.

"Greatest Story in 150 Years"

SIR:—Mrs. Gerould's demand could be shot full of holes simply by asking: "Where's your essayist? Where's your Emerson, your Thoreau?" To pitch the argument on the ground that editors don't want essays gets nowhere. Publishable material is hard to find and a good essay will receive attention. Indeed, Mrs. Gerould's implication that the essay has disappeared from the monthly periodicals is inaccurate. Essays are still published from

(*Continued on page* 465)

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

ROAD OF AGES. By ROBERT NATHAN. Knopf. An epic fantasy depicting the hegira of the Jews from the Western world to the Gobi desert.

PERSONAL HISTORY. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Doubleday, Doran.* The autobiography of a journalist.

SOCIAL JUDGMENT. By GRAHAM WALLAS. *Harcourt, Brace.* A discussion of the methods of arriving at decisions.

This Less Recent Book:

THE GREEK WAY. By EDITH HAMILTON. *Norton.* A study of the Greek attitude and genius.

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Rebecca West's American Stories

THE HARSH VOICE. By Rebecca West. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

REBECCA WEST knows our America. Here is a book of fiction that she has subtitled "Four Short Novels," and three of them are concerned with American people and American backgrounds. Yet that is really no surprise to me at all, since some years ago I met Miss West when she was in the United States and immediately realized how eagerly and intelligently she was assimilating our culture, or lack of it, the peculiar point of view of the American business man, and the relationships between men and women in America which seem founded on premises different from those of England and the Continent.

Nobody by this time needs to be told that Rebecca West has an acute and constantly inquiring mind, or that she knows how to write. I am not ordinarily drawn to the particular length of story she likes most. I usually like my short stories short—and though these tales are certainly novels in the original sense, they are also an intermediate type between the short story and novel. The publishers call attention to the fact that Joseph Conrad liked the "long short story" well. And he could write them. But "long short story" is a paradox. "So what?"—a phrase that Louis Bromfield finds one of the most significant in American slang.

REBECCA WEST
From a drawing by Wyndham Lewis.

So this. In spite of my quibbling prejudices, I have to admit that for the most part I would not use the blue pencil upon these stories. It seems to me that in them the organic method is justified. Take one, "There Is No Conversation"; in it a merely clever writer would have stopped long before Miss West does and still have had a neat and completed job. Miss West goes on, giving the narrative an extra twist, and thereby enriching its substance (mixed metaphor or not.)

I like that title, "There Is No Conversation," and it seems to be the keynote of all four stories in this book. "When one is really living," says Miss West, "there are intersecting monologues, that is all." *Au contraire,* when life is being talked about, she says, there may, though with difficulty, be conversation. In this volume we have various demonstrations of her first statement. We have Corrie Dickson marrying Josephine Houblon, because of her force of will and against his better judgment; and her revenge against him, for his original desire to be released from their engagement, deviously working itself out. "That's what's wrong with us!" he cries, in a moment of whiskey-begotten insight, "We can't talk . . . everybody goes around stuffed up with things they want to say and can't." Which remark probes so deep into most human life that the reader gasps.

That is in the first story, "Life Sentence." In the second, whose title I have already dwelt upon, and which is full of deep humor as well as tragedy, Etienne de Sevenac, "fifty and an inveterate beauty," has an affair with an American business woman, Nancy Sarle, and their utterly different views of this affair and of each other are fully presented. In "The Salt of the Earth," the only English story, the husband of Alice Pemberton cannot make the slightest impression upon his wife's imperviousness to the points of view of other people, which leads to a macabre ending. And lastly, in "The Abiding Vision," Lulah Hartley has no true conception of the real Sam, her husband, nor has he any real understanding of the youth he covets and clings to in his mistress, Lily.

I think Miss West a good psychologist. She can get inside people's minds and see how they work; and though one might perhaps expect her to be inhumane in the process, actually quite the converse is true. One might expect her to be inhumane, because her critical temper has such an edge. But she reveals a warm regard for the preposterously baffled human race, and displays remarkable breadth of understanding.

A World of Misery

LAND OF PROMISE. By Leo Lania. Translated by R. Henry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL A. NOCK

FOR those of us who were in Germany during the inflation, the great depression, and the rise of the National Socialists to power, it has often been difficult to convey to those who were not there just what Germany was like at those times, and just what the Germans went through after the end of the war. We have tried, honestly enough, to give a picture of the ruin of the German middle class when the dollar was worth billions of marks; we have tried to give some notion of the desperate circumstances in which the German workers found themselves at the end of the twenties; we have tried to explain the success of the National Socialists in leading the German nation astray. But it has not been at all easy to make clear what we were talking about; the world of German misery was too remote even from the world of our own unhappiness.

Nor has it been any easier to throw light on the attitude of present-day Germany towards the Jews; to explain how Jewish shrewdness and occasional Jewish greed—far less than the "Aryan" greed of the same time—enabled the National Socialists to carry out with the approval of the German people, or a great part of them, a pogrom which sickened the world.

Now, however, we can refer any one who is interested to Leo Lania's novel, "Land of Promise." Although it is the story of the love of an Eastern Jewish girl for a German, and as such a novel of unusual power in the delineation of character, still "Land of Promise" is impressive mainly because of the background against which the story is set: the background of Germany from the days of the war to 1935.

Beginning with an account of the heroic conduct of a German Jew in the war, and giving incidentally a gratifying picture of Eastern Jewry, so much despised in Germany, the story moves through the series of disasters that befell the German people, and leaves one wondering not so much that the Germans should have gone mad at last, but rather that any of them retained any degree of sanity so long. As a novel, this book is excellent; as a picture of the life of the Germans for the last fifteen years it is practically perfect.

Written with obvious sympathy for the Jews, and yet in a style that gains its strength from understatement rather than from any excursion into heroics, "Land of Promise" makes vivid again for us who were there the nightmare through which we lived; and it will certainly give those who were not there an honest if horrifying picture of a people depressed in the mud until it got into their eyes.

The translation by Mr. Henry is sound, vigorous English.

The Fabulous Land along Tobacco Road

JOURNEYMAN. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $4.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

IN the country of "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre"—in that fabulous area, populated by monsters, which he calls Georgia—Erskine Caldwell lays the scene of this story. It tells of a few days in the community of Rocky Comfort, during which the inhabitants fall under the spell of a lecherous, gun-toting, corn-drinking journeyman preacher named Semon Dye. Semon cheats the men out of their money, makes himself free with the women, winds up his proceedings with a burlesque revival meeting, and skips out before daybreak, leaving the populace with a well-brewed emotional hangover.

All this takes the reader even further south in the observation of humanity than Mr. Caldwell's previous novels; but readers of "God's Little Acre" will find nothing essentially surprising in the characters of "Journeyman." Because of the author's apparent predilection for characters in the lowest stratum of human society, the impression has got about that he is a realist. (Some people, including some reviewers, still seem to think that if you write about low life you are, *ipso facto,* a realist.) To apply this label to Erskine Caldwell suggests that his stories are drawn from observation rather than imagination. The evidence of "Journeyman" points to the opposite conclusion. The characters talk a strange language—peculiar literary expressions mixed with the native idiom. The details of community life are left somewhat vague, and the economic status of the characters seems to vary inexplicably. One gets the impression that everybody for miles around has the hookworm. Characters fade in and out, with no definite origins or destinations. These are loose ends which a realist would not leave.

Above all, everything has the effect of exaggeration. Clay Horey has had five wives. His friend up the road makes incredible quantities of white mule, which they all drink by the gallon. "Journeyman" has reality, but it is the reality of a nightmare, not of observation. And the characters behave like characters in a nightmare. Semon Dye, about to ravish Clay's fifteen-year-old wife, keeps Clay off with a gun; when he drops the gun, Clay is held in the psychological paralysis of a dream, can only stand spellbound while Dye picks it up again. Dye keeps Clay in a crap game by sheer power of hypnosis, until Clay loses everything he has, including his car and his wife.

All this has perfect consistency as an imaginative work. Its value as such is another question. The effect of Erskine Caldwell's writing varies with different readers, depending on taste and previous experience in modern fiction. What seems disgusting to some seems funny to others, and those who find certain passages humorous have compared Mr. Caldwell to Mark Twain. To the present reviewer, this comparison seems far fetched. There may be humor, by some definitions, in "Journeyman," but it is like laughing at a deformity. One may concede that Erskine Caldwell's writing is forcible, genuine, and interesting, and leave the rest of the burden of proof on the affirmative.

It is probably dangerous, at this stage of Erskine Caldwell's career, to try to "place" him. But one may hazard a guess. Our guess is that the products of Mr. Caldwell's imagination are not sufficiently significant in themselves to evoke a profound imaginative response generally; and that he has not the power of language to create such a response by purely literary means. But his books have, as we said, their own reality. Perhaps they present scenes and characters unlike any you have observed before; but after you have read his books, you may find scenes and characters that will remind you of them. This is entirely different from saying that Mr. Caldwell is a realist—it is, in fact, just the opposite.

A Great Racial Novel

(Continued from first page)

banker and his family; the elderly friends, Mrs. Ninian and Mrs. Blumenthal; the former's grandson, the poet, David Weiss; Betty Solomon the merchant's daughter, with her attraction to "Young Nelson," the prize fighter; Hyman Cohen and his wife, who had owned a delicatessen in New York; Oscar Alberg, once a leader of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of the World; Amanda Nichols and her husband, Dr. Kohn; David's love for Amanda and that of Raoul Perez, son of the banker, for Leah Liebkowitz, daughter of the Kovnitz Rabbi; the great musician, the great scientist, the child musical prodigy, and so on. He shows us birth, death, and young love visiting the race upon the march. He shows us internecine strife culminating in bitter physical conflict within sight of the crystal peaks of the Tien Shan. He displays to us the deeply prejudiced and superstitious; the open-minded and liberal; the class-conscious and bitter; the pathos of age, and the rebellious dreams of youth; and he reveals an imaginative acquaintance with the terrain covered by the great exodus that invests it with utter actuality.

And just here I should also like to note Robert Nathan's gently brilliant humor—I believe the proper word is lambent. It flickers occasionally from the page in a manner that is all his own. I do not know how he manages this; it is his own secret idiosyncrasy. It is unique. I have never come, in all my years of reading, upon its exact like.

Let me stop short of the fulsome. Perhaps I have been fulsome already, but without intention. I have too much respect for Mr. Nathan as an artist to do a book of his such a disservice. All I should like to say in closing is this: he has now mastered the use of his talents. For years a certain number of us have realized that he was creating literature. We needed no reassurance as to his possessing a style and artistic integrity. Now he has applied both to an imaginative conception whose implications are profound and enduring.

DRAWING BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. *From the end-papers of "Road of Ages."*

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Are We Recovering?

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DEAL. By Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by ERNEST G. DRAPER

ANYONE familiar with the writings of Benjamin Stolberg knows what to expect from his pen. He has an incisive mind, a vital style, and a hitting power excelled by few. His aim in this book of modest size is to demolish the New Deal. Eighty-five pages are allotted to the task, all devoted to a scathing denunciation that reaches its crescendo with the final paragraph:

> There is nothing the New Deal has so far done that could not have been done better by an earthquake. A first-rate earthquake, from coast to coast, could have reëstablished scarcity much more effectively, and put all the survivors to work for the greater glory of Big Business—with far more speed and far less noise than the New Deal.

These are ringing words. The trouble with them, and with the rest of the book, is that the authors try to prove too much. In doing so they have oversimplified and distorted to an extent that makes their polemic against the New Deal almost fantastic in places and somewhat hysterical in others. For instance, it is the authors' contention that in March, 1933, when Big and Little Business was flat on its back, President Roosevelt made a monumental mistake. Instead of taking steps to inspire confidence, revive trade, and turn the downward spiral upward, the President should have used this dark period to shackle Big Ownership forever. Just how he should have brought this about is not clear. But the point is obvious. As against reconstruction and complete reform the President chose reconstruction. The authors say it should have been reform, even at the imminent risk of drying up trade and increasing unemployment for another five years, or perhaps forever. Reformers generally will heartily agree with the authors. Others will wonder if that is the way toward either immediate or permanent alleviation of human suffering.

The N.R.A. is another focal point of attack. Here again it seems to me that the authors have misread the stars. They allot many precious pages to the task of ripping up the back this tentative experiment. They discuss it as though it were a law of the land that had been in existence for decades, and may continue for many more. They disregard entirely the setting in which this law first saw the light, or the underbrush which had to be cut away before recovery could even gain a foothold. If the authors had been business men in those days, their memories would not have been so short. I refer to the long hours and low pay, the unbelievable sweat shop conditions, the unfair competitive practices, the chiseling of prices below reasonable levels, the production of shoddy products, and the almost complete destruction of the credit system. Who can fairly deny that the Codes have brought about a vast improvement in these conditions? As a matter of fact, we now possess the first protection ever offered by our government against the cunning and ruthless exploiters in industry who, by riding on the back of constructive business, were gradually driving employers into bankruptcy and reducing employees to a state of peasant servitude by their vicious influence on price cutting and wage scales. No country ever became successful, or remained prosperous, by crushing the economic well-being of its citizens. But that is just what many unprincipled manufacturers were doing until the N.R.A. put its weight against such practices. The time may soon arrive when all of us will hail the legislation which is trying to protect consuming workingmen and legitimately functioning employers against a breakdown of mass producing and mass distributing machinery.

The book ends with a chapter entitled "Stalemate." In this chapter a vigorous attempt is made to prove that from March, 1933, to October, 1934, business activity has not improved to any real extent. It stops by showing that, whereas the index of business activity was 58 in March, 1933, it was only 70 in October, 1934. So far so good. But what these authors did not foresee was that since October, 1934, the index has been steadily rising. At present it is 82. Is not a gain from 58 in March, 1933, to 82 in January, 1935, a reasonably hopeful one? It is a gain of 41%. Possibly Utopians demand much more than that. To the public in general, and to employers and employees in particular, it looks like progress along the right road.

⁂

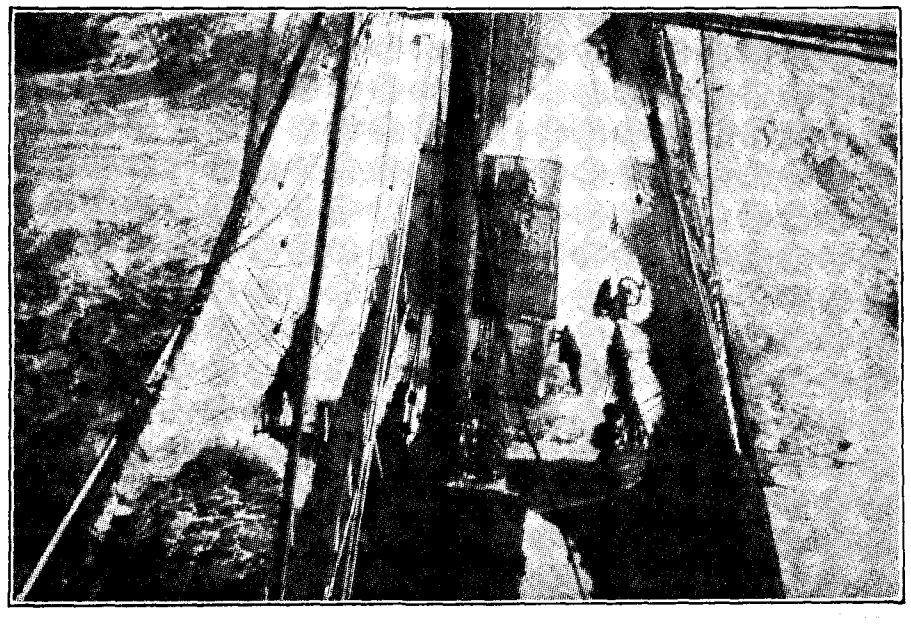
Ernest G. Draper is a member of the Business Advisory and Planning Council.

Squareriggers

LAST OF THE WIND SHIPS. By Alan J. Villiers. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $4.

TODAY, in the vernacular, a "ship" is anything that floats on the sea or soars in the air, but in the not so distant past it was reserved as the name for a square rigged, three masted vessel. As the tonnage of squareriggers increased in the last days of commercial sail, more masts had to be added to the original three to keep the spread of yards and the size of sails within handling dimensions. The ships and barks still in service in the grain fleet plying from Australia to Europe are of this class: steel hulled, steel masted, and steel stayed craft, magnificent examples of man's constant striving for greater tonnage and increased earning capacity. These huge squareriggers were put into the nitrate trade between Chile and Europe, and on such long voyages as offered. At last they have been driven into the final cargo haul for craft of that kind, the grain trade from Australia.

The struggle for existence of these remaining leviathans of the wind fired the imagination of a young Australian, Alan J. Villiers. In this extremely interesting book he has gathered many of his best photographs, and supplied a text as gloss upon them. Ably and in detail he tells his story, and though the illustrations, beautiful and of great historic value, form the main body and interest of the book yet the accompanying narrative is in itself a lively and illuminating record.



"MAIN DECK AWASH AND A VICIOUS SEA"
From "Last of the Wind Ships"

Putting the Empire on the Front Page

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. By J. L. Garvin. Vol. III. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $6.

Reviewed by H. DONALDSON JORDAN

MR. GARVIN'S biography of the great English "Radical leader" marches on. He has finished nearly two thousand pages, and the end—and an index—are still to come. In this latest volume it is hard to remember the Chamberlain who issued "unauthorized programmes" and could regard himself as the Joshua to Gladstone's Moses; yet old age pensions and workmen's compensation persisted, and it is clear that the ideas and the man had not changed. The present volume, however, is devoted to the statesman of empire, so pressed with the weight of high affairs that we have hardly a glimpse of his friends, his orchids, even of his beloved Birmingham. The materials for a life are merged with those of history: Mr. Garvin's ample and skilful

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN IN 1894

treatment assures him of a worthy place in the great tradition of English political biography. But interest suffers in contrast with the taut personal drama of earlier volumes, and the very magnitude of the events makes us see personalities but darkly. For the events were great: Mr. Garvin's somewhat hyperbolical style fits them well.

Chamberlain "took the colonies" on a rising tide of English imperialism which his unrestful effort did much to swell. The Empire and the imperial theme were his, and to promote "closer unity" he exercised all the energy and arts of the expansive business man and the practised politician. He installed up-to-date maps and electric lights in the colonial office, infused a new spirit into all ranks of the colonial service, was accessible to colonial callers, and anticipated Mr. Hoover in the practical promotion of trade. At the same time Chamberlain kept in touch with the English public. He developed his theory of the colonies as an "undeveloped estate" which needed only the imperial touch to blossom with loyalty and profits, and he glowingly proclaimed his faith in the British race as the greatest governing race the world had ever seen. Mother country and colonies alike responded: the British Empire was on the front page for the first time since Disraeli.

But the biographer cannot linger long in these pleasant ways. The tragedy of South Africa dominates the period, and on this Mr. Garvin dwells long and eloquently in elucidation and defense of his hero. In the famous question of Chamberlain's foreknowledge of the Jameson Raid he makes the moral case for Chamberlain irresistible; the documentary case is not yet quite complete despite the summary of the notorious "missing telegrams" of the Raid inquiry. Mr. Garvin thinks some of the telegrams very likely forged; at any rate we can believe Chamberlain that there was an attempt at a sort of blackmail of the Colonial Office on the part of some of Cecil Rhodes's associates. On the larger question of the events leading up to the Boer War Mr. Garvin is very full. Chamberlain never willed war with the Transvaal and was until the eleventh hour very loath to think it "inevitable." But he relentlessly willed that President Kruger give in—give in to the demands of the British government (on behalf of the Uitlanders) which the Colonial Secretary not only thought proper in themselves but knew English opinion could be swung to support.

Chamberlain's well known incursions into diplomacy have also empire as their theme. France and Germany are met as rivals or embarrassments all over the world; isolation—that is, stiffness and the British navy—is not enough, and the project of Anglo-German alliance is twice taken up and twice falls to the ground. Lord Salisbury hovers in the background, a figure of wise skepticism; his opinion of the ardent initiatives of the Colonial Secretary is not recorded, but cabinet unity at least did not suffer under the strains Chamberlain put upon it. We are left still wondering whether the successes of British diplomacy between 1895 and 1899 would have come without the Colonial Secretary.

To his biographer Chamberlain's stature grows with time. His lapses from discretion are venial because his purposes are both great and clear and his power on the platform and in council irresistible. At the end of the century Chamberlain is triumphant, the Khaki election his personal victory over critics of him and his empire, the Boer War, it seemed, near conclusion. Next should come reorganization of the empire, tightening of the bonds through preferential trade; in a word, the realization of Chamberlain's vision of the future. Mr. Garvin is crouched for his further spring, and we await in volume four the treatment of a new period.

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H. Donaldson Jordan is a member of the history department of Clark University.

The Post-War Years

(*Continued from first page*)

one couldn't well escape them. But he had a sense of humor; the knack, it seems, of making himself agreeable to interesting and more or less important people wherever he went; and underneath all his "lost generation" cynicism and rebelliousness, a real American earnestness and enthusiasm for "improving" himself.

He saw further than the news he sent and was sensitive to all that was exotic to the Middle West he hailed from, whether it was Italian painting or Persian rugs. Thirty-five isn't the conventional age for writing memoirs, but certainly it has its advantages. You are writing about your life while it is your life and not that of a youth of another generation whose adventures and thought are almost those of a stranger. Another thing Mr. Sheean's book teaches is the usefulness of a well-kept day-book. Lots of people, correspondents, relief workers, government agents of one sort and another, who "got round" in that extraordinary decade following the war and yet were young and impressionable, doubtless lived just as interesting lives as Mr. Sheean but were too lazy to set down, while they were still fluid, day-to-day details which have now hardened into a sort of blurred macadam pathway leading back to the past.

In China, Mr. Sheean got religion. This experience, soul-shaking to him, naturally, really divides his book into two parts—the lively reporting of which it largely consists, and his more or less controversial dogma of revolution. Starting out with a rather Greenwich Villagey attitude toward social, economic, and political orthodoxy in general, Mr. Sheean's experiences behind the scenes in Europe, the Rif, and elsewhere had only sharpened his skepticism. He hated "imperialism," sympathized profoundly with the groping Chinese masses. These tendencies came to a head when he met Rayna Prohme.

The latter was a flame of a young woman, herself American, wife of a Bolshevik, and working heart and soul for the revolution with the Soviet representative, Borodin. Sheean's vague efforts to "take the long view," to integrate himself with the mass, suddenly straightened out and faced a definite goal. Rayna Prohme was "unified, integrated, every bourgeois impulse suppressed." She had arrived at

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such a relationship with all forms of human life that she felt brutality to Chinese coolies, for example, as brutality to herself. Her spirit, the "revolutionary spirit," as Sheean defines it, of "intellectual consistency, social philosophy, selflessness, and determination," seemed to him at last to give some meaning to living.

How far Mr. Sheean's spiritual transformation was simply a matter of falling in love, needn't concern us much—he takes pains to state that the relationship between Rayna Prohme and himself was not sexual as the latter word is commonly understood. And her influence seems to have been no less an active and living thing after her untimely death. In any case, Mr. Sheean went through that process of rebirth, of being "saved," which can be brought about in all sorts of ways outside those of what ordinarily is known as religion. He could no longer be a mere taster, a dilettante; nor a mere reporter, not taking sides. Rayna Prohme's ardent but impersonal devotion to humanity began to seem to him a real reality. Eventually he decided, with her, he wasn't cut out to be an active revolutionist, that his real job was to think and write straight, "in the hope that whatever I did (if indeed I could do anything) would at last integrate the one existence I possessed into the many in which it had been cast."

An Anthology of First Nights

THE AMERICAN THEATRE AS SEEN BY ITS CRITICS, 1752-1934. *Edited by Montrose J. Moses & John Mason Brown. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IT is not theatre history that Montrose J. Moses and John Mason Brown have attempted in this fascinating volume, nor yet a history of our dramatic criticism. It is something more, if also a good deal less. The historian, even when he writes of productions he has seen, writes in calm retrospect, far removed from the sense of expectancy, of high adventure, that pervades a first-night audience, far removed from the quick and warmly human reaction to something new and strange.

Here we have, for the most part, the immediate and unsophistic reaction of critic and audience, though there is a scattering of excerpts from the weekly and monthly press which give the more leisurely but still contemporary judgment. And, though the critics are protagonists of the saga, we have also a view of the development of American drama and acting, from Royal Tyler's "The Contrast" in 1787 down to the latest work of Eugene O'Neill, "Days without End."

Selection and arrangement are inspired by the sense of humor that is inseparable from good taste. We begin with a prologue in heroic couplets spoken in 1752; for, like sleep as practised by Dr. Johnson, a prologue also is criticism. And we end with Walter Winchell, Daily Mirroring the latest triumph of Tallulah Bankhead: "Go and have an entire First Actful of rib-aching laughter, and be charmed by Senator Bankhead's gal, Tal." In between, the meat in the sandwich, are not only first-night reports from the lowly press but outgivings by the Literary Great Ones —Edgar Allan Poe on Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion," Walt Whitman on Forrest in "The Gladiator," Henry James on Salvini's Othello, William Dean Howells on the Harrigan farces.

For the most part what one feels is unalloyed gratitude—for Norman Hapgood's grilling sarcasm as to David Belasco and Mrs. Leslie Carter; for Walter Pritchard Eaton's sympathetically intelligent diagnosis of The Case of Clyde Fitch; for Arthur Ruhl's chronological appraisals of George M. Cohan's rise from the Broadway hoofer and comedian to the rare altitude of his performance in "Ah, Wilderness!"; for Mr. Brown's own luminous comment on the "old school" acting of Otis Skinner; for Brooks Atkinson's impressions of the whimsies of Ed Wynn, and his appraisal of "Green Pastures."

The volume will be read with delight by all good player folk and should become a text book in schools of journalism.

The BOWLING GREEN

XV. Perlustration

WHAT is it that carries over from one civilization into another? Standing at night in the wide Plaza San Martin in Lima you see the winged foot of Goodyear lit up on one side of the square; and on the other, *Tarzan y su Compañera*. In your morning paper *(El Comercio)* you noticed that the two big serial features were *King Solomon's Mines* and *El Hijo de Tarzan*. As I remember observing in France as long ago as 1924, Tarzan is one of our leading exports. In Lima I enjoyed watching the competition between British and Northamerican goods. The English had a head start, but the States are more than holding their own. It has always struck me as odd, by the way, that Macaulay's famous passage about the future traveler from New Zealand viewing the ruins of St. Paul's was long preceded by Horace Walpole's imaginary ruin-hunter who visited London for the same purpose. Walpole's traveler came from Lima; the allusion is in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1774.

Of so vivid, complex and surprising a city (its European look and its feeling of antiquity are two immediate impressions) I can't give you any adequate sketch. But join me in a *paseo*, noting what interests us.

As we come downstairs in the Gran Hotel Bolivar we face (as in every prudent hotel) the business desk. It is there that you will pay your bill which will be legally receipted with a revenue stamp engraved by Waterlow & Sons of London. There you see the framed menu of this evening's *comida* and note printed on the card that the house was furnished by Waring & Gillow of London. But in the big circular lobby you notice at once a Northamerican touch: a placard of the Rotary Club announcing its weekly luncheons. "Gee, even my throat is dry" it says jocosely; which doesn't seem to make sense. What must the Peruvian hidalgos think, I wondered? Why should anyone's throat be dry in Lima? You stop in the little alcove to buy a pack of those strong and delicious native cigarettes (I recommend the *Incas*) and one of the little boxes of *fosforos* with a picture of a llama standing in front of blue mountains. You go out through a revolving door of most curious shape (made in France) and find yourself alongside a drugstore window. Here also is a suggestion of France: a display of the *Dépuratives Mercier, Pilules de Longue Vie*. They are made in Nice and their export, says the label, is strictly forbidden. Can it be that the French, with their well-known caution, do not want other nations to learn this longevitous secret?

A traffic sign warns you, *Conserve Su Direcha* (Keep to Your Right). Just behind you are the big handsome trolley cars (made by J. G. Brill, Philadelphia) that run down to Callao. On the corner a moving picture poster hails you with what seems genial intimacy: *Hoy! Norma Shearer & Robert Montgomery*. You notice that almost all the motor cars going by have no radiator caps. At first you wonder if some quality of air or altitude makes the radiators likely to boil over. No; you are told that the metal cap is the favorite booty of the sneak-thief. Peru is a land of mineral treasure, and any portable nuggets of metal have particular fascination. This is a recently rebuilt part of the city; its architecture is ornate, suggesting to my eye a seaside resort. Down the handsome boulevard where the trolleys are running are stucco apartment houses, festooned with garlands, curlicues, caryatids. A prosperous Limeño is easy meat for an architect who likes to pour cement into confectionery shapes. A pity, because stucco gadgets soon go shabby in that moist dissolvent air.

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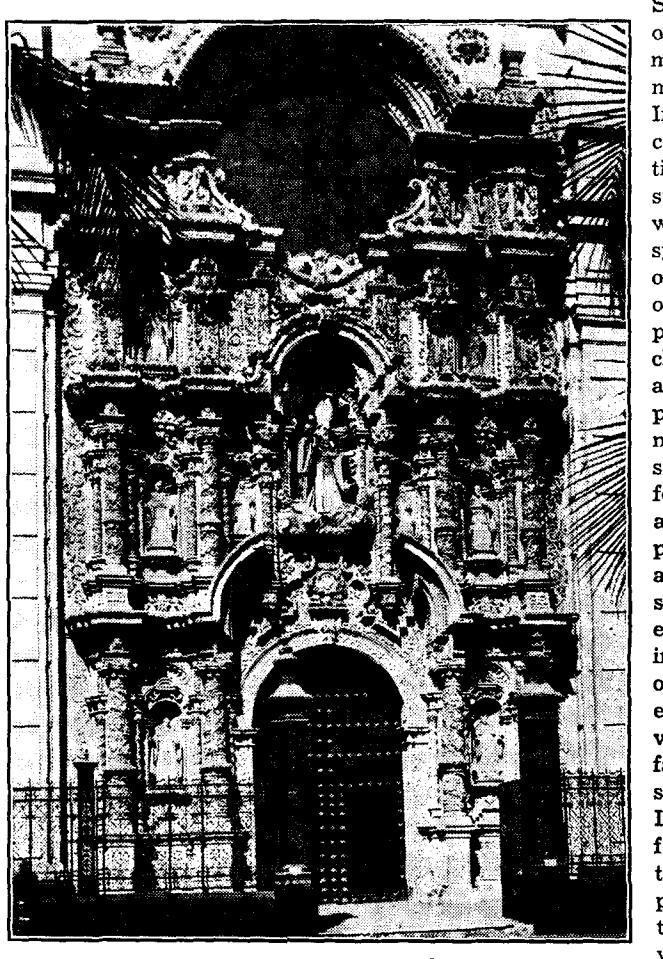
At the luxurious sweet and tea shop on the corner of the Avenida Pierola, as in all grocery stores, you will note that the industrious English Quakers Cadbury and Rowntree have grabbed off the best of the candy and chocolate business. In all displays of jams, biscuits, pickles, delicatessen generally English names are far ahead. Even when Heinz appears it is the British Heinz with "Lemon Curd," a kind of citrus butter which sounds to me fantastically British in taste. Speaking of groceries, they are usually on the corners



CHURCH OF SAN AUGUSTÍN, LIMA

and will cause you to believe that every street is called *Estanco de la Sal*. They all display that sign just where you would expect the name of the street; but it means they are licensed to sell salt, a government monopoly. In the matter of streets there is plenty of chance for confusion; besides the name of the highway as a whole each block has a baptism of its own, eloquent of the early history of that neighborhood. Take the two delightful channels that run off northerly (N. E. really) from Plaza San Martin. Along the Giron de la Union the blocks are called *Boza* (mouth?), *Baquijano* (Bacchanalia?), *La Merced* (Mercy), *Swordmakers, Merchants, Scriveners*, and *The Palace*. On the Giron Carabaya you find the blocks named *Divorcées, Filipinos, Cocoa, Eating Houses, Stairways*, and *Fish-markets*. Stroll along crowded one-way streets, with all the fresh impressionism of ignorance, how fantastic it is. The little shabby taxis go panting by with a squawk of French rubber-bulb horns. The melancholy (and very French-sounding) monotone howl of newsboys. From rooftops, the cackle of geese and cockcrow. From overhead balconies, or within lovely patios, endless phonograph records. Innumerable churches, some beautiful in simplicity, others astonishing with intricate carving. And always, if you look skyward, the *gallinazos* (buzzards) wheeling far above. And you can keep score in your private game of reckoning England vs. Northamerica. On Union Street it may be the Victor Talking Machine dog, or the sign *Fuente de Soda* (soda fountain) or even (incredibly) a placard offering Hot Dog. These you score for the U. S. Then you pass a show of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits, or a translation from H. G. Wells in a bookshop window, and Britain evens the tally. Of American writers in Spanish translation the most frequent are Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, Waldo Frank, and Orison Swett Marden. You will find whole racks of spurious Sherlock Holmes adventures, published in Buenos Aires; these you cancel out against the paper-bound Tarzans on the newsstands. There is no English-language bookstore in Lima, a city of, at a guess, between three and four hundred thousand population. (No census has been taken in Peru for many years.) Among the Northamerican colony the largest distributor of literature is probably the Book of the Month Club; next after that, Macy's.

I had looked forward keenly to seeing the University of San Marcos, said to be the oldest in the New World; it was founded in 1551 by Emperor Carlos V, to be a western daughter of ancient Salamanca. "With the same privileges, franchises and liberties as the University of Salamanca" said the original charter of San Marcos. The parallel has been only too true. It was from Salamanca that the distinguished Unamuno was purged some years ago. In the case of San Marcos the discipline has been even more drastic: university teaching has been suspended for three years (so I was told) on account of its radical sympathies; and there are soldiers on guard at the gateway. It was odd to pass through those lovely patios with the royal palms, the cloisters of cedar-wood pillars, the ancient wooden stairway with the portrait of Fray Tomás the Dominican monk, the first rector, and see no sign of students. A few professors and assistants were quietly at work, and a librarian was happily recataloguing, but corridors and classrooms were empty. They showed me a new collection of extraordinary Inca relics (including a cog-wheel cut and polished of stone) lately found in Northern Peru, and in our halting conversation I tried to put a cheerful face on the situation. What every savant has always hankered for, I suggested: the ideal happiness for a scholar—a university undisturbed by students. They smiled politely, but sadly. It is a grievous thing for learned men, burning with the honorable excitements of thought, when the occupation's gone. And especially among people of Latin vivacity, to repress public discussion is to drive it into dangerous secrecy. But it is inconceivable that the oldest college of our western world can permanently be muzzled. Even from Boeotia rose the snows of Mount Helicon.

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And I shall remember the good contentment of the librarian, as he showed me his long shelves of books and ancient records, guiltily happy in perfect leisure to recatalogue and classify without the irrelevant interruption of borrowers. It reminded me somehow of the amusing old statute at Oxford, ordering the annual "perlustration" of the Bodleian Library. I translate from the donnish Latin:—

"Every year on the 8th day of November they shall individually inquire into the state and condition of the Library . . . . where, with the gates locked (lest anyone inconveniently interrupt them) and the Librarian secluded until he is summoned, let them examine whether he has shown diligence in all parts of his office. Then let them demand an exact accounting for books lost or ill-used; and they shall beacon through all parts of the library with their own eyes, to explore whether all things are done and administrated according to the statutes."

What a chance, I was thinking, has the librarian of San Marcos for undisturbed perlustration.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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1935—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VIKING PRESS

THE JUDGE AND THE PROPHET

Two recently published books have a peculiar appropriateness and importance at this particular time.

"*The Curse of Bigness*" ($3.50) is a collection of the private papers and important decisions of Supreme Court Justice Brandeis. Thoughtful readers cannot afford to neglect this life-time of wisdom of the distinguished social reformer, people's attorney and history-making jurist.

The Supreme Court is now beginning an unpredictable session, during which it will be called upon to hear test cases arising out of New Deal legislation. This intimate glimpse into the judicial philosophy of one of the Court's pivotal members will be uniquely meaningful to perceptive readers. It is a valuable contribution to a clearer understanding of this present, critical hour in history . . .

. . . as is *Thorstein Veblen and His America* ($3.75). In this biography of America's most original thinker, Joseph Dorfman has written the history of the mind of a genius, and a matchless picture of the intellectual background of his time. The events of each day reveal anew Veblen's uncanny gifts of prophecy. His theories are being analyzed by an ever-growing body of those men who are shaping our modern world.

To understand Veblen's theories one must know the man. Mr. Dorfman makes both sharply clear in this biography which explains the man's works in the light of the man. Charles A. Beard calls it "Amazing for its excellence . . . indispensable to anyone who wants to know the present configuration of American social thought."

THE CURSE OF BIGNESS

THORSTEIN VEBLEN AND HIS AMERICA

THE VIKING PRESS NEW YORK

A Gem of a Book

THE PLAINS OF CEMENT

By PATRICK HAMILTON

William Rose Benét in the Saturday Review of Literature—

"I am genuinely fond of Mr. Hamilton's tragi-comedies of the little people in London . . . I suppose because his humorous depiction of character reminds me a little of Dickens, particularly in the present book. I hope he will go on writing about them."

The title in no way indicates the real charm of this novel.

Iris Barry in the New York Herald Tribune "Books"—

"EVERY tone and phrase (of this) brief and vivid story of London life has the rich ring of truth. In its way 'The Plains of Cement' is a gem."

$2.50 at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers, Boston

WHY are more and more bookshops throughout the country selling *The Saturday Review* to their customers each week? Probably it is because they agree with Helen T. Fay of the State College "Co-op" in Albany, New York, who writes: "Please know that we like *The Saturday Review* more and more." And the reason: The SRL not only brings its readers into the shop at least once a week, but it also helps to sell the best of the new books. *The Review* supplies attractive display material—signs, stands, etc.—so why not write at once for rates to: Bookstore Department, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

A London Letter

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

"WHAT are people in England reading now?"

My eye is dazzled by a little collection that I have made. "Daughter of the Desert," by Sylvia Sylvester, "Flower of the Field," both in the "New Moon" series, price 2d (as it were five cents): "The Mill-Master's Son," "Maid in her Mother's House," (at 4d) part of "Woman's World Library." "The Beetle," a mystery story about a hypnotist. "There are more things in heaven and earth"—"Time the Great Healer—" are two of the phrases with which the author raises the tone.

The Violet Magazine is one of two or three dozen periodical versions of the same thing. "Love gave her hope that she could win back his faith in womankind, but no love in all the world is proof against a jealous woman's scheming." "A Kiss for Lips that Lied." "The way to a woman-hater's heart—it may be just a smile, just a touch of a hand, then all barriers fade away"; per contra "Where rapture was and tender dreams, only a burning hatred stays!" The reader must not mix these extracts up with the receipt for fish pie. There are hard-boiled eggs in the fish pie but none in the stories. "Paddy was loyal, loyal to the very last!"

Alas! for the Victorian philanthropists, who believed that all problems would be solved when once the whole population of England had learned to read. Saddest maybe of all is the fate of those would-be intellectuals who go to Woolworth's and see "The Man Who Laughs," by Victor Hugo, on a cover, spend their money, and find that they have got "the story from the film." These are the books that the English read by the million.

Such sad facts as these you may read many times expanded, elaborated, and tabulated, in a book by a Research Fellow of Girton College, which appeared two years ago: "Fiction and the Reading Public," by Q. D. Leavis.

Little text-books, she reminded us, will tell the reader how to do the trick. "The most practical method I know of to make freelance journalism pay is to deliberately write [sic] what is known in Fleet Street as 'tosh.' . . . By 'tosh' I mean the kind of innocuous twaddle which a very large number of perfectly respectable newspapers and periodicals require." Don't forget the newspapers!

Is there then no hope? Discuss the million circulation of "Tosh and Company" with Miss Winifred Holtby, as the present writer did a week or two ago, and she will give you some counter-statistics. Tosh and Company may have slain its ten thousands, but in the East Riding of Yorkshire the County Library is at least supplying its thousands. She will rub your nose in some sound Yorkshire facts. In village after village, town after town, the demand for good books on serious subjects goes up. Two thousand more works on sociology this year than last, more than a thousand more books on science: two thousand more books on the fine arts: two thousand more books on literature: four thousand more on history, geography, and travel. Loyal Yorkshire-woman as she is, Miss Holtby would be the last to deny that even the soft South-of-Englander, living in such enervating places as Devonshire and Kent, is doing the same thing, *i. e.*, getting sound stuff from the public library. If Mrs. Leavis can prove that the silly stuff is getting sillier, Miss Holtby reminds us that the "hard reading" is getting more substantial.

But now that we've done our statistical duty, couldn't we consider the question—the nice cosy question—to which we really wanted to have an answer?

"What are people in England reading?"

The present writer has lately had opportunity for considerable questioning of young persons still undergraduate at Oxford and other universities, and young highbrows still at school. Sons and daughters of "the intelligentsia" they are, who are learning to be such things as architects, writers, dons, painters, and occasionally scientists. Their united wisdom suggests the following findings for the under twenty-five set.

Shaw and Wells read occasionally: in the case of Wells just the adventure stories—"The First Men in the Moon," "The Country of the Blind." D. H. Lawrence read a great deal but by no means universally approved. Yet still hotly discussed and disputed over. A good deal of poetry read, not all of it new, after an interval of ten or fifteen almost poetryless years. T. S. Eliot, Gerard Manley Hopkins, most of the poets in the "New Country," "New Signatures" group, *i. e.*, Spender, Auden, Day, Lewis.

Of American novelists, Hemingway is read rather than Faulkner. Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis are both read and hotly discussed. Again after an interval the Powys brothers have their public, which is perhaps not a fully highbrow one. Robert Graves's "Claudius" has revived interest in a writer who has something to say to the present-day young. Regrets are expressed by some young readers that Virginia Woolf is not more read; some say she is widely read. Finally there is no young novelist either of America or England that "everybody is talking about" as Joyce and Gertrude Stein were read and talked about five or six years ago. They are rather skeptical about Miss Stein, have read "Ulysses" a long while ago, and Joyce's "Work in Progress" has been found too baffling.

Of course we all like speculating in futures. Nobody enjoys it more than the literature fans. Can we draw any conclusions from such a list as that provided by the under twenty-fives whose opinion is here cited? Does it, that is, show any special characteristic? The young people who are thus reading now are likely to be writers of the future, so that their taste has its significance. Certain characteristics seem to emerge. There seems to be an impatience of sentimentality, and a desire to hear the worst that can be said, particularly of any object or cause which the reader might want to admire or serve. He is distrustful—is not going to be let in for something whose bad qualities have been glossed over. Technically, there is a love of compression, and a kind of boniness in structure preferred. Gerard Manley Hopkins, for instance, on whom sixteen-year-olds of my acquaintance are contentedly feeding, is nearly all bone. Among the young poets there is a political consciousness which was almost entirely absent from the "Georgian poets" of just after the war. Their ideas were strongly affected by the war itself but seldom by other political issues. There were those who wrote against it like Siegfried Sassoon, those who tried to escape from it like Blunden, those who saw only its heroic aspect like Rupert Brooke.

Mark the change: the "New Country," "New Signatures" group believe themselves politically to be revolutionaries, and several of them are convinced communists. Some might easily become fascists. These share the impatience of the communist with the present order, the strong desire for a better world, and a belief in the more strenuous virtues. But unlike communists they combine this with what Hitler and Sir Oswald Mosley call the "Leader Principle"—also with a belief in the fitness, if not of racially, at any rate of lineally, equipped sections of the community to rule. They believe in short in an aristocratic principle. But, Left or Right revolutionaries, the younger poets who are read by the young intelligentsia share the feeling, so general among the alert all over Europe, that something is going to happen, and that that something is going to happen in the political field. They do not propose, as do many of the equivalent novelists (mostly older in years), to run away from it, or to hide in an ivory tower. They try to screw themselves up to thinking about it now, and to seeing it through when it comes.

This leads some of them to a very strong wish to get in touch with the people whose sisters are reading "Violet Novels"—with the unemployed, with coal-miners, with all sorts of industrial workers. Nothing whatever in their education has fitted them to carry out this desire, indeed (far more than in America) their whole training has made it difficult.

A Budapest committee has recently worked out a program for helping authors. Among its provisions is the settling of a quota, which will ensure a certain number of Hungarian books being published by each publisher who prints foreign books. It is suggested that during the annual book week only Hungarian works shall be sold and that the publication of penny-dreadfuls shall be restricted.

Last year's output of 2,563 books shows a falling off compared to the years which preceded it, although Hungary maintains its position of fourteenth in the list of book-producing States.

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A New Manner of Historical Writing

A DECADE OF REVOLUTION, 1789-1799. By Crane Brinton: Vol. XII of The Rise of Modern Europe, edited by William L. Langer. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by DONALD COPE MCKAY

THIS is history as it should be written. Which might mean that the reviewer agrees with everything Mr. Brinton says—which he does not. Or which might mean that he shares the same prejudices—which is substantially true. Perhaps no historical epoch has given rise to so lush a literature as that of the French Revolution. Of the great books and the important books on the period the reviewer has read a respectable number. And yet in reading this last he had a distinct impression—a cumulative impression—that he was journeying through a new country. It was of course not wholly unfamiliar: the landmarks were still there—the Bastille and Thermidor. But the scene seemed strangely altered—perhaps the contrast in a familiar landscape in November and in May. The metaphor can be made intelligible by an analysis of the novelty of Mr. Brinton's book.

In the first place, he has remembered what so often seems to be forgotten, that history is written to be read. His prose is incisive, sprightly, often witty. His weapon is the rapier, and his thrusts are driven home by irony, by paradox, by a very effective kind of restrained understatement. But the manner of its writing would not alone be enough to give the book distinction. What has Mr. Brinton added? In what sense is he original? Perhaps we shall clarify his contribution in considering briefly his method, his temper, and his approach.

If Mr. Brinton's method is not new, it is in any case rare. History, to Mr. Brinton, is an unending series of problems—evidence to be delicately weighed, hypotheses to be deftly tested, solutions to be won by ingenuity in the teeth of what William James termed "irreducible and stubborn facts." He constantly asks, not "How did this or that event take place?" but "What explanation will render it intelligible?" This brings us to his temper.

It is the fashion nowadays to insist that great history is always prejudiced history, that a great book is one inevitably written with a thesis. Admittedly no man, certainly no historian, can free himself completely from the fetters of his own climate of opinion, from those patterns of thought and of action which lie deep in the folk soul. No man is completely self-conscious. But this is not what is meant by those who speak of prejudice and history. It is the Whigs, the Tories, the Marxists, the Optimists, the Spenglerians of whom they are thinking. The principal distinction of Mr. Brinton's book is precisely here—that he is prey to none of the "vulgar prejudices" of his age. That he achieves a degree of detachment unknown thus far in general studies of the French Revolution we believe to be true. He comments boldly, he judges frankly; theories of hoary respectability and of verdant recency are alike submitted to the trenchant strokes of a confident criticism. It is, indeed, safe to predict that the book will please few historians in France where the Revolution has created cults rather than parties.

Despite his detachment, Mr. Brinton is not without his "approach" to history. It is not easy to define. He might be willing to be called an "intellectual historian," more properly a "sociological historian," though he would refuse to be imprisoned within any rigid formulas, even of his own making! He is interested above all in those vast idea-patterns which grow mysteriously out of the seamless complexities of evolving society and which in turn profoundly influence that society.

Unquestionably the specialists on different phases of the revolutionary epoch will attack various of the author's hypotheses. But its merits *here*, we venture to believe, will be very generally recognized. It is based on wide and judicious learning. But it is not merely learned; it is wise in the way that Anatole France's "The Gods Are Athirst" is wise. The folly of men's aspirations, at an epoch when these aspirations bore the stamp of almost pathological exaggeration, is set out in bold relief against a background of irony. But this is irony which, in the spirit of Anatole France, is tempered with that deeper understanding of men which makes them comprehensible even when they wear the faces of brutes.

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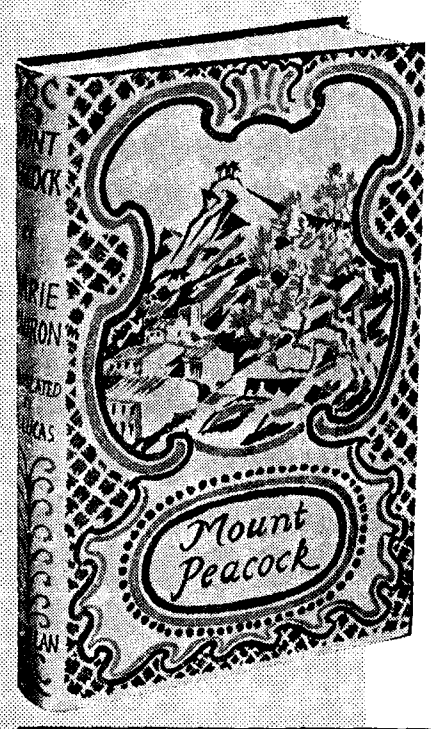

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225 *Signs of Better Business...*

Bookshops are reporting that they enjoyed the best Christmas season in years, and *The Saturday Review* is opening new accounts almost every day. The new books already announced by the publishers seem unusually interesting. But the best sign of all is one which calls attention to the *Review*. Made of metal enameled in three colors, it will sell both single copies and subscriptions. The size is 13¼ x 5¾ inches, and it may be hung in the window, on the wall or bulletin board. It also has an easel so that it may be set up on the counter beside copies of the magazine. This effective sign will be mailed upon request, postpaid with our compliments, to any bookseller selling the *Review*. We manufactured 225, but they're going fast. Write for yours, today, to:

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45th Street, New York City

The People's Language

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG. By Maurice H. Weseen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN S. KENYON

THIS compilation, said to contain 15,000 entries, is designed to be a collection of current American slang. It is classified into the slang of (1) Crooks and Criminals, (2) Hoboes and Tramps, (3) Railroaders, (4) Loggers and Miners, (5) Oil Drillers, (6) Cowboys and Westerners, (7) Soldiers, (8) Sailors, (9) Aviators, (10) The Theater, (11) Circus and Carnival, (12) Radio, (13) College, (14) Baseball, (15) Football, (16) Boxing and Prizefighting, (17) Sports, (18) Drinking, (19) Eating, (20) Money, and (21) General Slang. It is provided with a good index, and is on the whole an excellent and useful pioneer work. The author states that he includes only current slang, not slang that is obsolete or that has passed into good use. He includes technical jargon of trades and occupations only if it "is really slang." He emphasizes both the ephemeral nature of slang and its contributions to standard speech. And he recognizes the difficulties of such a work—difficulties greater than the inexperienced realize—without predecessors to build on, as the ordinary lexicographer has.

I do not wish the few criticisms that follow to obscure my recognition of the importance of Professor Weseen's work or of the difficulties in thus mapping out a new and important field of linguistic study. I hope that at some future time the author will greatly increase the length of his valuable introduction, telling us more of his methods of gathering information and of the significance of his classifications. For in some instances words appear to be classed according to their origin as slang, and in others according to the prevailing use of them. Many examples are placed only in the special groups which appear to be in general slang use, such as *all wet* ("mistaken"), *blow in* ("arrive"), *boat* ("automobile"), *buggy* ("automobile"), *bum* ("inferior"), *broke*, etc. At any rate I have known most of these terms since boyhood, but never associated them with the groups to which the author attributed them. Perhaps he intended to suggest the group with which they originated, but in many other cases he lists words both in the special and the general groups, so that we must infer that he does not regard the foregoing as general.

For purposes of classification there is needed a more precise definition of slang than Mr. Weseen gives. Though he names several features of slang, he fails to give us a criterion, for example to distinguish slang from dialect and low colloquial speech (illiterate, etc.). I shall attempt the definition no farther than to say that a word is slang or not according to the speaker's *intention*. A genuine dialect word may become slang by the user's intention, as when a cultivated speaker applies the word *innards* to the stomach and intestines with a slang intention. But when the partly literate farmer uses it of a butchered animal, it is not slang but simple dialect. The hobo word *exhibition* ("hand-out") curiously enough is used in its original sense, and *let slide* (now slang) dates from Chaucer.

Other expressions, striking or humorous metaphors, but without the slang intention, are doubtfully to be classed as slang; as *bee-line, blockhead* (since 1549), *bury the hatchet*, etc.

Some examples are not genuine slang or dialect, but merely spelling-slang, phonetic or humorous spellings of ordinary words; as *bunkum, movienthusiast, rassel* ("wrastle"), *sez, punkin*—a standard pronunciation to which Fowler's sensible comment applies: "We deserve not praise but censure if we decline to accept the popular pronunciation of popular words."

It is inevitable that a first edition will miss some words. The following belong in the book: *coop* (for co-op), *cut a splurge, dude ranch, hot oil* (produced beyond legal quota), *nut* ("insane person"), *nigger off* ("burn [logs] in two"), *onto* ("aware of"), *stick-up*, n. ("hold-up"), *stick 'em up* ("hands up!"), *wapper-jawed*.

A defect of Mr. Weseen's book is the failure to indicate pronunciation, at least in doubtful cases, such as *hist man, slough*, and *bee-line* (accent). Such deficiencies as I have mentioned will, no doubt, be corrected in a later edition, with, let us hope, a fuller introduction.

John S. Kenyon is a member of the English department of Hiram College.

Scenario into Book

THE MIGHTY BARNUM (A SCREEN PLAY). By Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

THERE is no department in any book review for reviewing screen plays. This is not surprising, as "The Mighty Barnum" is as far as I know the first screen play that has ever been published. *Read this review carefully*, because it is undoubtedly making history: it may be the basis of a new technique of criticism which the future will bring forth to deal with such books, and in which a standard will be established for appraising the author's cuts and lap dissolves and according his dialogue its rightful place in the glittering world of esthetics. Of course, screen plays are reviewed, but only after they have been translated into celluloid: until then nobody reads them except stenographers, script girls, and harassed directors who cover their margins with obscure, indignant blue-pencilings: actors and producers also carry them around; but it has long been a tradition of the industry that these two professional classes do not know how to read.

But the importance of "The Mighty Barnum" is that it *is* a book. In its doughty green, red, and yellow cover it joins the slender company of literary pioneers. Incidentally I take pleasure in reporting that it tells a swaggering story of the late Phineas T. Barnum, and his lifelong dedication to the public's gullibility. How he got into show business with his Gallery of Freaks, how he formed a partnership with a man named Bailey Walsh, who afterward became his partner in the Barnum & Bailey circus; all this, together with his relationship, gustily romanticized, with Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, is related here. It is a literate but by no means a literary piece of work. The imminence of a cloth binding did not seem to intimidate authors Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth.

Two years ago Doubleday, Doran had a scheme to issue a selection of "Best Screen Plays of the Year" in an abbreviated form corresponding to the current anthologies of stage plays. The idea was dropped because of copyright difficulties. "The Mighty Barnum" may serve to revive it, if only as an experiment in discovering whether people are interested in printed examples of motion picture technique. Certainly, until you are familiar with it, the technique comes between you and the story being told, but the *trick of mastering it is easy and consists* of projecting the flow of broken scenes into a smooth current sliding over an imaginary screen. Once this is done it is easy to enjoy to the full such really side-splitting sequences as that in which Barnum is trying to find out whether his bearded lady is a man or a woman.

I hope "The Mighty Barnum" sells a lot of copies. It is the book world's first grudging acknowledgment that its little brother the cinema is growing out of short pants.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MASQUERADE *Inez Haines Irwin* (Smith & Haas: $2.)	Masker at New England party found stabbed to death. Nice Irish cop solves the puzzle.	Well told yarn, with charming little girl sub-detective and lots of nice people hiding unpleasant pasts.	Engaging
THE DIAMOND RANSOM MURDERS *Nellise Child* (Knopf: $2.)	Kidnaping, ransom, murder, and blackmail of assortment of cushy Californians straightened out by Jerry Irish.	Conglomerate of excitement weakened by diffuse writing and confused plot, but with swell wind-up.	Passable

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The Poems of the Brontës

THE POEMS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË. THE POEMS OF EMILY JANE BRONTË AND ANNE BRONTË. (The Shakespeare Head Brontë.) Edited by Thomas James Wise and John Alexander Symington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. 2 vols. $16.

Reviewed by ABBÉ DIMNET

CHARLOTTE BRONTË died in 1855. Her husband, Mr. Nicholls, inherited her property, including her rights and a huge, nondescript mass of MSS. which Mrs. Gaskell saw while preparing her life of Charlotte and to which she did not attach much importance. In 1861 old Mr. Brontë died and Mr. Nicholls went back to his native Ireland, carrying with him the said MSS. as well as various Brontë relics.

Charlotte was not the only author of those MSS.; many of them were the work of her sisters or of Branwell. There were also letters from various correspondents. In our days it is probable that the biographer of a writer like Charlotte Brontë would have all such documents copied, while critics would not be long collating the copies with the originals. But Mrs. Gaskell was not the woman to do that; critics unfortunately waited for the second growth of the Brontë fame; and Mr. Nicholls, judging by his treatment of the portrait now in the National Portrait Gallery, seems to have had no idea of the value of the treasures he possessed. In time he began to sell individual MSS. to collectors, and pretty soon they were scattered all over the world.

A disastrous situation, of course. As the reputation of the Brontës became more secure, collectors felt in duty bound not to keep what they possessed from the public. But these so-called editions were strictly for private circulation and seldom numbered more than twenty-five or thirty copies. Sometimes an unpublished poem would have a slightly better chance in the press or through the Brontë Society, but the melancholy truth is that so far the publishers of the Brontë works have been chiefly autograph-hunters. Even the largish edition published in New York in 1902 by Dodd, Mead & Co. was limited to 110 copies, one of which somehow found its way to me. The poems of Emily, very badly edited by Clement Shorter (1910), with a ridiculous introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll, did not exceed a thousand copies. Nor did, I think, the excellent edition of Charlotte's poems by Clement Shorter and that great Brontë scholar, C. W. Hatfield (1923). And the tendency is so strong that even the two volumes I am dealing with are also for comparatively private circulation: five hundred copies for England and five hundred for America.

These are two substantial, handsomely presented volumes, to the second of which are added invaluable facsimiles of the MSS. of Emily and Anne in Sir Alfred Law's Honresfeld collection: what they are from the point of view of scholarship remains to be said.

They offer us a good text, which is no small praise when one knows how difficult Brontë MSS. are, and how badly even such a piece as "No coward soul is mine" was treated by Charlotte. Readers of *The Nineteenth Century and After* cannot have forgotten the masterly article by Mr. Davidson Cook, published in this *Review* in 1926.

Several wrong attributions, for instance of poems by Branwell or Anne ascribed to Emily, have been corrected. Finally we have here a tremendous increase of Branwell and Anne material, Anne's poems filling 112 pages, while Branwell's spread to 177, not including the translation of Horace's "Odes," published a few years ago by Mr. Drinkwater. As for Charlotte, many readers will be surprised to find that addition after addition has swelled the collection she herself published in 1846 to 251 pages, and Angrian material, wisely reserved by the editors for future volumes, might have made her share even larger.

Here it is that we begin to wonder. Nobody can find fault with the Shakespeare Head editors for trying to be complete, but we sincerely regret that their object does not seem anywhere to have been critical. The autograph-hunter tradition has been at work again. What is good, what is indifferent in that enormous production? Mr. Drinkwater thinks that Branwell is the second best poet of the family, and he is right, but is Branwell nearer to Emily than he is to the other two? I have noted passages in the new material which have the Emily ring or recall Emily's peculiar emotion. But how few! And how often, on the contrary, Branwell's facility turns out to be the merely verbal fluidity of the versifier! But the old habit of judging the Brontës emotionally—that is to say, from infantile preferences aired in every-day conversations by people who should have no vote—is sure to reappear. Branwell just now is the beneficiary of a reaction against the misjudgments piled on him as well as on his father. People may deduce from the quantity of his output as to the quality of his inspiration. They will not find a word in these volumes to counteract such an impression. Many reviewers are not, cannot be Brontë specialists; they will have to steer through these books with their general notions of English literature. It is astonishing that we should hardly find an allusion to the Brontë literary models. On the other hand, people on the lookout for cheap originality will have innumerable chances to build on a hemistitch whole theories about the lives of the Brontës.

The editors may plead that publishing is not necessarily literature and that, at all events, they have given us orderly material. It is true. One ought to be thankful to them for the chronological order of the poems. But even this arrangement raises many questions which remain unanswered. Chronology would obviously be vastly helped by indications of location which we constantly miss. This is most important in the case of Emily (remember the controversy about the "alien fire" which was *not* the Hegers' fire), or in the case of Branwell. One interesting indication in this edition concerns a trip of his—unknown to me—to North Wales in 1845. Another, psychologically important, concerns an impromptu he is said to have written while sulking away from his friends, a strange source of inspiration, but one which seems undeniable.

The most immediate need for Brontë students is undoubtedly a synchronized table of their movements in connection with their production. Working recently at the British Museum Library on lectures intended to bring my book on the Brontës up to date, I felt the need of such a table at every moment. One man could make it as accurate and minute as it can ever be hoped to be made, that is Mr. Hatfield. But I am surprised that some American scholar has not as yet taken advantage of a Guggenheim fellowship to start on this essential piece of work. It should be accompanied by a critical apparatus, of course. The Shakespeare Head editors think, contrary to Charlotte's assertion, that "No coward soul is mine" was written three years before Emily's death. But not a word will they give us in support of this conjecture, which the mere inspection of the MS. leads one to think is well-founded. In the same way, people who have not had the same chances as these editors to go over the juvenile attempts known as the Angria or Gondal materials are disappointed to find themselves confronted by many puzzling allusions.

So, there is still hanging over the Brontë studies the old discouraging veil of incompleteness of apparatus, and we do not know which is its worse consequence, the hesitancy of serious scholars or the charlatanry of fantastic hypotheses. The poor Brontës have reasons to envy writers whom good critical editions protect against such dangers. This means that a final edition of the Brontës has yet to be prepared, and it ought to be prepared while Mr. Wise and Mr. Hatfield are alive on lines which so far do not seem to have attracted the former.

There exists a model, but to my knowledge only one, and that is the selection of the Brontë poems given, in 1915, by A. C. Benson. Here was the beginning of really sympathetic and illuminating criticism. Here the literary man finds himself, in spite of many questions unanswered, in a congenial atmosphere.

We owe the Shakespeare Head editors two things: first, the end of haphazard Brontë publishing which had been going on for eighty years, and second, the admirable facsimiles at the end of the second volume. I do not mean that these photostats will enable a few of us to make up our minds about divergent readings of Emily's poems and her haughty way of treating minor details, but that they will enable all of us to get at once infinitely nearer to Emily and Anne, the women, than has been possible till now. That is literature, as a good portrait is psychology.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is reading it!

EXCERPT FROM FEATURE ARTICLE IN FEBRUARY ISSUE OF REAL AMERICA, ENTITLED "IN THE WHITE HOUSE WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT."

Two books lay on his desk, both of which gave evidence of a careful reading.

One of these was *The Open Door at Home*, by Charles A. Beard, eminent American historian.

On the flyleaf of the Beard book was scrawled numerous figures in the President's handwriting, and the words, "Beard's ideal bad dish with more goods must be produced." The words appeared to be disconnected phrases.

All through the book certain passages were underlined. These words, for example, on page 124:

"The world economic order, on examination, does not take on the appearances assumed in classical economy."

Then, on page 95:

"The export of capital remedy for overproduction is no remedy at all, but a stimulant certain to be followed by relapse and discouragement."

More interesting still, however, are the sentences underlined on page 152:

"In the formulation and execution of new policy, the immediate task of the statesman is threefold. He must bring his practical sense to bear in creating his idealized conception of things to be achieved in the quest for security and stability. Having clarified his purpose and formulated it in a workable program, he must, after a fashion of the Fathers of 1783-1787, submit his proposal to the nation for discussion, deliberation, and adoption. With the requisite support and legislation obtained, he then proceeds to execution. This is in the American tradition and indeed is the only possible tradition which is compatible with the effective operation of a delicate technological society."

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The AMEN CORNER

"O for the times which were (if any Time be heroic) heroic indeed!"
—Lytton.[1]

This seems to be a Victorian season with the Oxford Press and the Oxonian is led anew to marvel at the heroism of those courageous compromisers, the Early Victorians, "equally ready," as Mr. G. M. Young says of Dickens and his times, "to denounce on the grounds of humanity all who left things alone, and on the grounds of liberty all who tried to make them better." *Early Victorian England*[2] a two-volume work on the lines of *Shakespeare's England*[2] and *Johnson's England*,[2] deals with Work and Wages, Homes and Habits, Town Life, Country Life and Sport, The Press, Music, The Drama, Holidays and Travel, Art and Architecture, the Army and Navy, and more. And the 137 illustrations are superb. Shades of Dickens! one exclaims on every page, and turns once again to that most teeming of all writers.[3]

Jane Austen, too, that pre-Victorian, has been re-occupying us in the charming two-volume[4] form in which Mr. R. W. Chapman's edition of the novels has just come out, as well as the women of *The Adventurous Thirties*[5] so well described by Mrs. Courtney. As a result of Queen Victoria's influence—she called upon all women of good will "to join in checking this mad wicked folly of Women's Rights" —adventurous ladies were officially in eclipse by Dickens's time. Many of them continued to be quietly and decorously heroic, like Mrs. Sam Cowell, whose Diary *The Cowells in America*[6] (also delightfully illustrated) makes such good reading.

"And so farewell, New York, great Fire City rising from thy ashes like the Phoenix, with increased vigor and beauty," she writes when leaving for Boston. "No time have I now to expatiate upon thy wonderful energy, thy stern self-reliance, nor thy rather offensive 'brag.' Another time, I may devote a few lines to thee, but for the present—Vale!"

Another Diary lately published by the Oxford Press is Washington Irving's hitherto unpublished *Journal 1803*, describing in detail his frontier expedition from New York to Ogdensburg—the first Diary of America's first man of letters. It has been edited by Stanley T. Williams, who is working on a biography of Irving for the Oxford Press, and published in a limited edition in a very beautiful little format, and at an amazingly low price for such an "item."[7]

Not exactly a Diary, but almost as frank and full of details, is *Mendelssohn and His Friends in Kensington*,[8] the Letters from Fanny and Sophy Horsley, written 1833-1836, by the daughters of the organist of the Asylum for Female Orphans. This, if read together with *A London Child of the Seventies*,[9] by M. Vivian Hughes, and *Three Houses*,[10] by Angela Thirkell, the grand-daughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, ought to dispel all lingering misconceptions about the rigors of nineteenth-century family life. As Mrs. Paterson said in the *New York Herald Tribune* of the second:

"Bored, if not exasperated, by twentieth century asseverations that the nineteenth century was an age of horror and oppression for children, Mrs. Hughes has here set down her personal memories of her own mid-Victorian infant years, which were peculiarly happy and yet reasonably representative of the period. . . . Their world was solid, ample, adventurous and essentially kindly, lightened with laughter. . . . Mrs. Hughes recalls it lovingly and with charm."

". . . for the present—Vale!"

THE OXONIAN.

(1) In the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*. $3.00. Write for complete list of series. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (2) $14.00. (3) The *Oxford Dickens*. 20 vols. $1.00 ea. (4) Illustrated. $10.00. (5) $3.50. (6) $6.50. (7) $3.00. (8) $5.00. (9) $2.50. (10) $2.50.

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The New Books

Fiction

BARNHAM RECTORY. By Doreen Wallace. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

For the observing and imaginative novelist there has always been a wealth of material in the English country parish,—in the compound of gentry, aristocracy, and villagers; in the countryside itself with the long-standing rotations of its rural and agricultural life; and finally in the rector and the church,—central hub of this revolving wheel in a fashion quite unknown, of course, here in America. "Barnham Rectory" is a new and welcome example of this pleasant class of fiction. It comes from the pen of a writer who constantly mingles a keen but kindly humor with her observation and her sympathetic human interest, and who gives us a story which is at once entertaining and touching, and contains original and lifelike characterizations. There is in it nothing monumental; it belongs to the gentler species, dealing with homely and yet moving things.

Its hero, Austin Mapperley, spends himself prodigally as the rector of a typical country parish, tempering his true spirituality and selflessness with never-ceasing humor and common sense. He bears every type of responsibility, and is almost the sole source of all initiative in the neighborhood,—a human being who will long remain in the minds of Miss Wallace's readers. For many years a widower, muddling along with inadequate income and with a turbulent and inefficient domestic outfit, he almost dreads the homecoming from Cambridge of his daughter Audrey, bearing her youthful torch of crusading feminist-intellectual ambitions. She will put his house in order —not too comfortably, he is sure; and she will be an unpaid helper in his endless parish duties. But what standards of kindly unreasonableness and outmoded tolerance will not fall under her ruthless advance?

Audrey hopefully injects her energy, but she is herself remade in the process, and able to admit, more or less rebelliously, the love affair which at first could find no crack in her armor,—her lover being possessed of wisdom enough to wait serenely and let nature take its course. He, too, is in the ministry, or headed for it; but obviously his contrasting portrait is drawn to represent the Austins of tomorrow,—earnestly religious, but wiser in theoretical social lore and more up-to-date in organization and activity. Hence the possibility of his admission into Audrey's code.

A constant stream of amusingly witty bickering, mutually understood and accepted, proceeds joyously between Audrey and her brother Thomas, who on the surface is an unhelpful idler but beneath is far more, with his inhibiting lameness and his patient retreat into a life of musical self-expression and kindly observation of his fellow-men. A vein of tragedy, also, runs through the story in the genuine and of course hopeless love of Jerry, the young gardener, for Audrey, and—perversely—of Emmie, the little kitchen-helper, for Jerry. But the wise and humorous perspective of the preceding chapters holds in a proper niche the tragic episode which is the only possible climax for these two; and comedy, as in the matchless Jumble Sale, and shrewd observation remain the keynotes of a quite delightful book.

M. C. D.

DESTINY'S MAN. By T. F. Tweed. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

The author of "Gabriel over the White House" has, in this new book, taken a look into the future as it may be in the Balkan states. Although he makes no pretence at prophecy, Mr. Tweed has shrewdly considered the political and economic situation of today, and using that as a basis has constructed a not illogical future. Things might very well go a good deal as they go in Mr. Tweed's Danubia; and certainly there is no reason to suppose that another dictator could not assume some such role—and meet such an end—as that of Max.

Destiny's Man, however, is not Max, the Grand Elector, but a curious mystic named Johann Zimri, who goes about among the peasants in Danubia, healing the sick and bringing a message of the identity of man with God. There is nothing particularly new or arresting in the preachings of Johann Zimri, although they are given at rather wearisome length in the book; nor is there anything astonishing in the fact that this faintly Christlike figure comes to grief in the end. It is a bit platitudinous to observe that there is no place in the world of politics for Christlike figures.

The notion of Danubia is interesting; the presence of the unconvincing Zimri is not uninteresting. Mr. Tweed has combined a couple of rather doubtful elements into a story, and much to his credit has written a story that one wants to read to the end.

S. A. N.

THE WORLD WENT MAD. By John Brophy. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

This is an attempt at a panorama of the War of 1914. It is written in a series of detached chapters; about half of them are concerned with the members of a single family, the Crellens, the other isolated sketches of soldiers and civilians on both sides. After being at pains to break up his material, for the sake, presumably, of an effect of universality, Mr. Brophy is at even more obvious pains to connect it: the arm of coincidence is severely wrenched in that part of the book that deals with the Crellen family, as when Mr. Crellen's son-in-law is succored by a German who is killed at his feet, and brings home a photograph of him, which is recognized by Mr. Crellen as being probably his own illegitimate son—of whose existence he did not know —the fruit of a student amour in Germany. The other fragments are frequently united by a device which suggests the moving picture trick of irising out on one object, and irising in a different scene around the same or a similar object. Here one chapter will close with a phrase or idea, which is repeated, in a different context and connotation, at the beginning of the next—thus: "It was her father she bent over and kissed. Chapter XXV. 'Real kissable, some of 'em.'" This and

Double-Crostics: Number 45

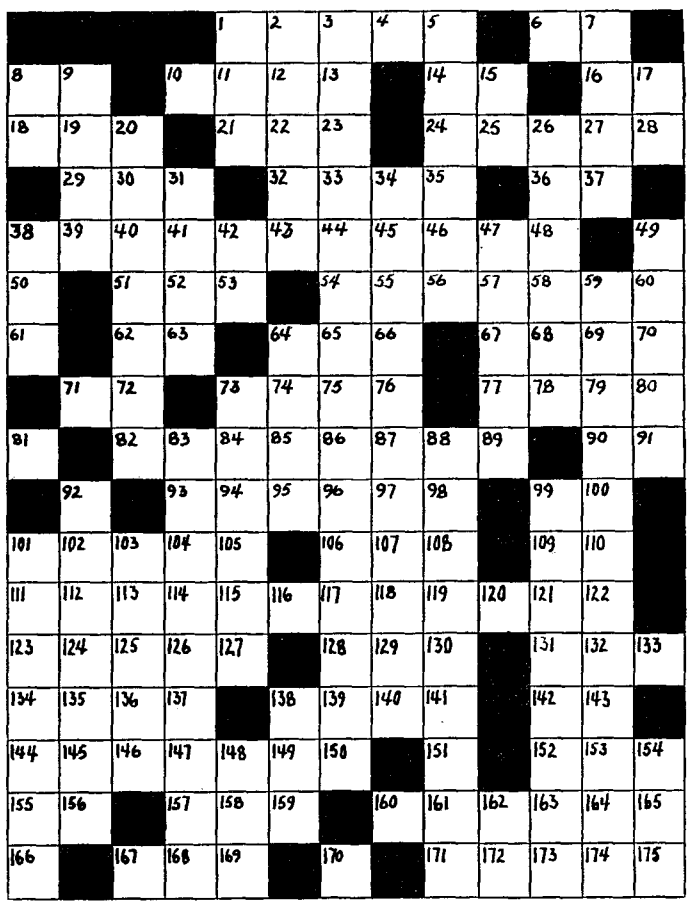
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 93-30-114-52-126-169-25. Grandson of Lamech.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 62-151-158-91-53-72. Babylonian deity, half fish, half man.	_ _ _ _ _ _
III. 36-153-127-68-74-123-113. Syrup made from cereal grass.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 121-82-111-33-28-172-140-142. Two famous words of Pilate.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
V. 144-26-15-63-97-5. Twaddle (slang).	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 163-139-154-66. To transport goods.	_ _ _ _
VII. 17-88-116. Greek goddess of infatuation.	_ _ _
VIII. 48-86-80-10-148-119-152-41-95. American woman poet.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 120-164-134-13. Came to an end.	_ _ _ _
X. 94-133-104-11-118-85. Islands south of China.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 19-57-129-9-130-124-32-39-103-150. Austrian composer (1874-).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 161-40-29-70. Famous American journalist (1858-).	_ _ _ _
XIII. 138-6-45-165-50. Pusillanimous simpleton.	_ _ _ _ _
XIV. 51-109-147-73-90-35-84-106-49-173-65-92-135. Tinkling.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 78-22-56-1-168-171. Gap, vacancy.	_ _ _ _ _
XVI. 61-122-44-12-89. Paradise in the plural.	_ _ _ _ _
XVII. 105-136-8-159-167-67-96-166-141-175. Hit by soft weapon.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 54-2-83-174-20-76-79-27-31. Science of speech sounds.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 34-46-24-157-115-108-87. Colonial divine (1703-1757).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 60-55-170-77-16-99-38-156. Author of "Saracinesca."	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 23-101-98-137-143-58-117. Lincoln's birthday.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 64-155-128-132-146-149-71-69. Radio receiving wires.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 162-21-102-110-37-43-3. Pair, couple.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 112-160-145-7. Weight, obligation.	_ _ _ _
XXV. 4-81-14-125-75-100-18-47-42-59-107-131. Novel by Meredith.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 44)

GEORGE MEREDITH—"FRAGMENTS"

Open horizons round,
O mounting mind, to scenes unsung,
Wherein shall walk a lusty Time:
Our Earth is young;
Of measure without bound;
Infinite are the heights to climb,
The depths to sound.

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other connectives seem to show that the author has felt some misgivings about his catalytic method, and it must be said on the whole that his misgivings are justified. The book does not succeed in conveying anything like a total expression of the sweep of the war; it does not accomplish nearly so much in that way as the portfolios of photographs. Ten years ago this might have been a noteworthy book, but it will hardly add to anyone's idea of the war today.

B. D.

YONDER SAILS THE MAYFLOWER. By Honore Morrow. Morrow. 1934. $2.50.

This book deals with the troubles attending the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers, beginning with their first gathering at Southampton, following them when they put in to Dartmouth, and leaving them when they at last sail out of Plymouth for their new home. The material of the book is found in the dissensions of the Pilgrims, their difficulties with the king and the Merchant Adventurers Company, and the moral struggles of one of the Puritans when, though he has already found it better to marry than burn, falls in love with one of the women—chosen probably for her provocative name, Minter. This reconstruction of the Pilgrims is painstaking, but not very successful. The author has chosen to tell her story almost entirely in dialogue, a method which makes the rather complicated affairs of charters and finances more difficult to follow than they need be. Morever she endows her chief characters with what is no doubt her own feeling for England, romance, and Shakespeare; but for their motive in leaving all they held dear, she can do no better than fall back on the old legend that they went after "religious freedom," though it has been often enough established that that ideal seemed no more desirable to the Pilgrim Fathers than it did to King James or Protector Cromwell. A comparison with Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels of seventeenth-century religious feeling will show how much this book lacks.

B. D.

Miscellaneous

THE TIN BOX PARADE. By Milton Mackaye. McBride. 1934. $3.

Mr. Mackaye does a real service for the careless (and who isn't?) newspaper-reader by putting into compact and exceedingly entertaining form the dramatic essence of the whole vast Seabury investigation. Here is the whole incredible zoo—Big Tom Farley, with his magical tin box out of which came close to half a million dollars' worth of otherwise unexplainable bank deposits; McQuade of Brooklyn ("Greenpernt"), with another half million, borrowed, as he almost tearfully explained, from friends whose names he couldn't remember, to support an army of relatives; and of course Jimmie Walker himself, the perfect symbol of those gaudy years just before the crash, when, as Mr. Mackaye puts it, "caviar was sold in the A & P stores, bookkeepers spent their money in night-clubs, no one ever went to bed, and only the Armenians and Greeks continued to work for a living."

Supplementing his main parade, which includes all the more notorious Tammany figures in the past decade, is a gallery of subsidiary specimens, each of which was drawn into the Tammany orbit in one way or another—Jimmy Walker's crew of meretricious and more or less shady patrons; several women-in-politics, such as Magistrate Jean Norris, the up-state Mrs. Florence Knapp, and Miss Annie Mathews, co-district leader and later Register of New York County and a sensational talker for a time; French, the "Boy Wonder of Building," whose dealings with Judge Olvany's firm in the matter of modifying Manhattan's building laws provided some amusement during the Seabury investigation; and even S. Klein, the bargain dress-shop magnate, who is one of Mr. Mackaye's few heroes. Klein ran afoul of Tammany through a fake damage suit brought by a shoplifter who was discharged by a conniving magistrate later removed from the bench.

As a brilliant reporter for a New York newspaper, Mr. Mackaye knew most of his subjects at first-hand; he knows his town, and he writes in the "wise," sardonic, yet well-informed style common to "Profiles" in *The New Yorker*. Portions of his amusing narrative have, indeed, already appeared as such. Writing so plainly aimed to amuse can scarcely be called "history," perhaps, but here are history's materials, for despite his frequent farcical embroidery Mr. Mackaye has a competent reporter's care for his facts.

The narrative is all written in the past tense, even when its subjects are still alive, but the reader will not be safe in assuming that Tammany's present eclipse and the presence of a Fusion Mayor necessarily means that such outlandish stories as are here retold can't happen again. He quotes the late William Travers Jerome as saying, at the time of LaGuardia's election, that Tammany goes out and Tammany comes back in. "No Tammany investigation is futile, for by the calendar Tammany must be investigated every fifteen years to keep the boys from stealing the town."

A. R.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

The Lincolns in Chicago. B. B. Gernon. Chicago.

FOREIGN

Les Litanies de la Vierge. A. Godoy. Paris: Grasset. *Cancionero Teatral.* L. de Vega. Ed. J. R. Pazos. Johns Hopkins. $1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

In a Bengal Jungle. J. Symington. Univ. of North Carolina. $2. *Foreign Bondholders and American State Debts.* R. C. McGrane. Macmillan. $4. *Abailard's Ethics.* Trans. J. R. McCallum. Oxford: Blackwell. *Hingham Old and New.* Hingham, Mass.: Tercentenary Committee. $1. *Not in a Day.* G. Albee. Knopf. $2.50. *Our Planet.* New York: Hammond. $5. *The Neural Basis of Thought.* G. G. Campion and Sir G. E. Smith. Harcourt. $3. *The Ohio Poor Law and Its Administration.* A. E. Kennedy and S. P. Breckenridge. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $2. *Utopia Dawns.* J. P. Whitman. Boston: Utopia Pub. Co. *Why Wars Must Cease.* Ed. R. Young. Macmillan. $1. *A Witness Through the Centuries.* R. Hegy. Dutton. $2. *The Gutter of Creation.* R. M. Dwinell. Humphries. $2. *All About Birds.* W. S. Berridge. McBride. $2.50. *The Road to Shanghai.* H. Champly. McBride. $2.75. *It's Your Money.* B. Hodes. Reilly. $1. *Riding Forward.* V. S. Littauer. Morrow. $2. *The Centennial History of Saint Bartholomew's Church.* E. C. Chorley. Privately printed. $3. *Mandan and Hidatsa Tales.* Collected M. W. Beckwith. Vassar College. *American Prosody.* G. W. Allen. American Book Co. *Jews in Palestine.* A. Revusky. Vanguard. $3.50. *Arms and Munitions.* Compiled J. H. Baccus. Noble.

PAMPHLETS

The Art of Limning. Ann Arbor: Edwards. *A Facsimile of The Rule of Health.* J. Ghesel. Ann Arbor: Edwards. *A Special Help to Orthographie.* R. Hodges. Ann Arbor: Edwards.

RELIGION

Confucianism and Modern China. R. F. Johnston. Appleton.

To the Editor

(*Continued from page* 456)

time to time and, taken by and large, a sorry lot they are. . . .

Mrs. Gerould is up against something more than the magazine fare she gets. She is up against the restless, rebellious, unsatisfied life of 1935. She's mad because the editors are finding out that the old stuff won't do. Middle-class people are going hungry, middle-class people can't get jobs, middle-class people can't get married, middle-class people can't stomach the trash given them in schools. What the war started the depression has pushed along at increasing speed. Hitler and his horrors in this day represent something far more pressing, more insistent than the themes which engross Miss Repplier. Doubtless some of the articles about him and about the hogs have been second-rate. First-rate articles don't grow on every bush. Doubtless the magazines still lag behind the procession as they have done since magazines began, but at least the editors are now aware that "the greatest story in the last hundred and fifty years" is ready for the press. The magazines have got to deal with this story or fade out. Their "natural public" will not wait forever.

L. G.

New York City.

Failed to Renew

SIR:—I am not sure whether Katharine Fullerton Gerould's agonized cry for "Information, Please!" called for a reply to you or to her, but at any rate I should like both of you to know that I agree heartily with her laments. I take this position not merely because I, too, have noticed the disappearance of the familiar essay from our best modern magazines, but also because the prevalence of the editorial conception that the intelligent reading public demands articles, articles, and more articles has resulted in the virtual banishing of the short story and the poem from their pages. The January number of *Harper's*, for instance, features a story, but with the following apology: "It has been a long time since a story and not an article has appeared as a leader in *Harper's*. 'The Home Place' by Dorothy Thomas this month pushes world affairs out of the way and takes first place." But even with such a concession the story is billed as "A Story of These Times" . . . .

It might be appropriate, and even effective, to add that I have recently failed to renew my subscriptions to two magazines which I have long had on my table, simply because I have grown tired of finding almost nothing but discussions of the old political, economical, and sociological questions in them.

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT.

Northwestern University,
Evanston, Ill.

ERRATUM

Through an unfortunate error, our review of "Fifty Years a Surgeon" by Robert T. Morris was printed ahead of the publication of the book. The volume is to appear on February 7.

EXPRESSIONISM in ART by Sheldon Cheney

EARLY REVIEWS

(More to Follow)

Dino Ferrari (N. Y. Times): "Mr. Cheney's book . . . the most searching, comprehensive and stimulating survey of modern art we have had the good fortune so far to read . . . there is ample evidence in 'EXPRESSIONISM IN ART' that he has 'seen' and digested a tremendous lot of material . . . we are genuinely grateful to him for the illuminating, vital contribution he makes to our understanding and appreciation of art!"

J. W. Lane (N. Y. Sun): "Mr. Cheney's book is about as complete an account of the organ-stops on which the intelligent or the sophisticated, modern painter may play. Mr. Cheney also includes for good measure the dance, sculpture, architecture and the theatre . . . a very handsome book!"

San Francisco Argonaut: "It is by all odds the finest book of its kind yet printed in America—lucid, authoritative, up-to-date and well-mannered. The work is impressively documented and accurately indexed. It will recommend itself as *required reading* wherever contemporary culture is a subject of study. One is already beginning to find it on well-informed bookshelves!"

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Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
WOMAN IN LOVE *Kathleen Norris* (Doubleday, Doran: $2)	Romance	The troubles of Tamara, whose wuthless actor ex-husband turns up to interfere with her new and happy marriage.	Norris
RESURRECTION RIVER *William Byron Mowery* (Little, Brown: $2)	North Country Romance	Her fiancé, working for papa's mining promotion firm, goes into the Canadian Arctic to gyp small claimants but our deb finds conscience and another man.	Lively
I'M THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD *John Held, Jr.* (Vanguard: $2.)	Novel	Dull demonstration showing beauty contests to be tawdry rackets. Hardly news.	Poor
BACKGROUND FOR VENUS *James Laver* (Knopf: $2.50.)	Light Novel	High comedy featuring young artist of talent and his adventures with international art dealers, a model, and London society.	Excellent time-killer
MELISSA STARKE *Annulet Andrews* (Dutton: $2.50.)	Novel	First eighteen years of a spirited Southern girl reared among remnants of a once powerful clan. Setting strikingly good, style often amateurish.	So Red the Rose

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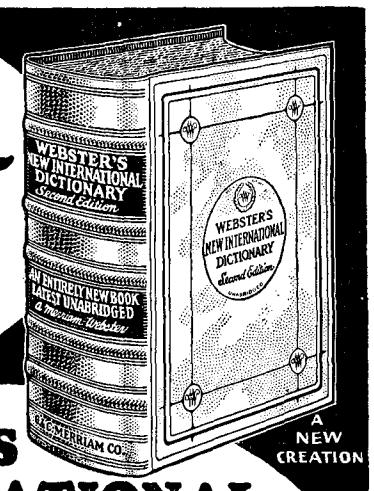
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A DEBATE

On The Child Labor Amendment

For—FRANCES PERKINS,
United States Secretary of Labor

Against—RUTH M. MINER,
Member of the Albany (N. Y.) County Bar

IN the February issue of The FORUM, two distinguished women (one of them, the first woman to hold a Cabinet office) debate on one of the most serious questions before the American public.

It is only in The FORUM that you will find *both sides* of those questions of the day on which thoughtful citizens must make up their minds. For The FORUM believes that its readers are intelligent adults who are capable of making their own decisions, and it is therefore deeply concerned with its responsibility of giving them authoritative information and important points of view on *both sides* of the argument.

The February Issue Contains:

POOR PROFESSORS
by ANN PRESTON CARTER
Plain facts regarding the miserable salaries of university professors.

PERSONALITY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY
by MARY M. COLUM
Superlatively entertaining psychological analyses of certain famous writers.

DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY
by RUSSELL HOLT PETERS
Discussing last year's grim record of 36,000 deaths from automobiles and what can be done about it.

FIGHTING COMMUNISTS IN CHINA
by MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK
The Chinese War Lord's dauntless wife tells of her adventures following her husband's armies.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT?
by J. B. RHINE
The oldest of all questions—human survival after death—is approached by a professor armed with a new method of scientific inquiry.

THE WORLD AS I WANT IT
by GUTZON BORGLUM
A famous sculptor wants an honest, active, and courageous world.

A PROTEST FROM THE HUMBLE
by ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING
A touching and thought-provoking message from the Ozarks.

ALSO—Short Stories and Poetry

It is not too late to enter the "Who Said It?" Contest which began in the January issue of The FORUM, to run for six months, in which $1,000 will be awarded for good memories. The February issue gives full directions for this diverting and potentially lucrative contest.

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THREE RUSSIAN WRITERS

J. B. C. Jr., of New York City, *is on the trail of information concerning three poets to whom Nicholas Berdyaev alludes in his* THE END OF OUR TIME,—*Andrew Biely, Tiutchev, and Alexander Blok. He wants to know their nationality, whether or not their work has been translated, and by whom their works have been published in translation or otherwise.*

IF J. B. C. can lay his hands on Mirsky's HISTORY OF MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE (Knopf) he will find all three of these authors included in its pages. Tiutchev, whom nature and the world of dreams preoccupied, died in 1873, when the new Russia was still in the far distance. Some of his poems are included in MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY (International Publishers), by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. There, too, among the translations of these two authors will be found examples of the work of Alexander Blok, generally conceded to be the greatest poet that contemporary Russia has produced and regarded by Russians as a poet of the first magnitude. Though Blok was thoroughly identified with the Bolshevik movement, and though he was peculiarly Russian in his mysticism, his work was at the same time foreign as well as nationalistic. There is an interesting biographical and critical sketch of him in AUTHORS TODAY AND YESTERDAY (Wilson). In addition to the poems which exist in English translation in MODERN RUSSIAN POETRY Babette Deutsch has rendered Blok's greatest poem, THE TWELVE (Viking), into English verse. There are several Russian editions of Blok's poetry and plays. Of Andrey Biely, who like so many of the present-day Russian novelists writes in the Dostoievskian manner but who unlike most of his contemporaries shows creative imagination and originality, one novel, PETERSBURG, has been translated into English by John Cournos. This is a tale of the social forces which helped to shape the Russian Revolution.

BYPATHS OF SCIENCE

Mrs. A. M. McA. of Port Arthur, Texas, *is attempting to formulate a program for a literary club which wishes to devote its energies to a study of the "bypaths of science." The plan of the club is to present brief surveys of recent findings and improvements in the various fields of science such as physics, chemistry, geology, medicine, aeronautics, railroading, industry, etc. She sends an S. O. S. call for the titles of books which can be used for collateral reading by the intelligent, but non-technically trained, reader.*

The club, before beginning on special fields of science, would, I think, be wise to orientate itself by a few of the general scientific discussions which have been appearing in recent years. Among these are such stimulating and authoritative books as Millikan's SCIENCE AND THE NEW CIVILIZATION (Scribners), F. S. C. Northrop's SCIENCE AND FIRST PRINCIPLES (Macmillan), J. Langdon-Davies's MAN COMES OF AGE (Harpers), and such anthologies as SCIENCE IN THE CHANGING WORLD (Appleton-Century), edited by M. Adams, and SCIENCE TODAY (Harcourt, Brace), edited by W. Davis. To this number it would be well to add J. W. N. Sullivan's LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE (Viking).

There's no use pretending that the foregoing books, designed though they are for the lay reader and comparatively simple as their discussion is, are not hard going for the novice by whom even the most generally accepted scientific theory is not likely to have been thoroughly assimilated. Yet they are well worth the working over before tackling more special volumes for the light their discussion will shed on the general field. When they have been read the club might move on to special fields, beginning, perhaps, with astronomy in which some of the most interesting works have been appearing. Eddington's THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE (Macmillan), Sir James Jeans's THE UNIVERSE AROUND US (Macmillan), which is simple and up-to-the-minute and in an appendix contains instructions for locating the heavenly bodies, and the same author's THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES, THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE, and THROUGH SPACE AND TIME (Macmillan)—these are works by outstanding scholars.

I am afraid I have put the cart before the horse in beginning with astronomy instead of physics. On second thought I don't know whether I have or not, and only feel that the two are so inextricably interwoven that in order to understand either both must be studied. The club members might, then, either before or after taking books on astronomy, read for physical science Eddington's THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD (Macmillan), which is an illuminating and at times brilliant popular exposition of such abstruse subjects as relativity; or the brief and delightful exposition of Paul R. Heyl in his NEW FRONTIERS OF PHYSICS (Appleton-Century). Passing from physics to geology there is William H. Hobb's EARTH FEATURES AND THEIR MEANING (Macmillan), recently revised and a standard introductory work, and Kirtley F. Mather's OLD MOTHER EARTH (Harvard University Press), a collection of informal discussions.

Moving on to anthropology, there are two volumes which ought to prove of great interest,—Clark Wissler's MAN AND CULTURE (Crowell) and Franz Boas's ANTHROPOLOGY AND MODERN LIFE (Norton). For medical science the club would find fascinating reading Howard W. Haggard's DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS (Harpers), the story of the science of healing from medicine man to doctor, Logan Clendening's BEHIND THE DOCTOR (Knopf), and H. E. Sigerist's GREAT DOCTORS (Norton). The late Sir J. Arthur Thomson's BIOLOGY FOR EVERYMAN (Dutton), a work which was seen through the press by Dr. E. J. Holmyard after the author's death, is about to be published. These two stout volumes contain a graphic survey of life in its manifold manifestations, beginning with the amoeba and advancing to man, and presents discussion of the great problems of biology such as heredity, evolution, sex, etc. It is, to be sure, a reference or textbook but it is nevertheless the type of volume which opened at random yields anywhere fascinating reading.

If the club wants to spend some time on chemistry its members might well get some background by reading Holmyard's MAKERS OF CHEMISTRY (Oxford University Press) and Edwin E. Slosson's CREATIVE CHEMISTRY (Appleton-Century). And if it wants collateral reading on mathematics there is a popular study of fundamentals by one of the most eminent men of the present in that field to be had in Alfred N. Whitehead's AN INTRODUCTION TO MATHEMATICS (Holt), and a stimulating work, if the club members are ready to buckle down to hard thinking, in Tobias Dantzig's NUMBERS, THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE (Macmillan). Even my completely unmathematical mind found what I read of this book fascinating.

Finally, since I cannot take the space at present to follow my subject into other fields of science (nor to answer another question which Mrs. A. M. McF. asks and which must therefore wait for a later day for reply), and merely to include aviation concerning which she inquires specifically, I add to the foregoing list A HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS (Harcourt, Brace), by G. E. Charles, H. Vivian and W. Lockwood Marsh.

CHICAGO BOOKS

Lennox Grey of the University of Chicago writes me:

"May I add a postscript to your note on Chicago novels addressed to H. K. D. of De Kalb, Ill.

"For several years I have been at work on a critical study of Chicago novels—some 450 of them. I have just completed it under the title 'Chicago and the "Great American Novel"' as a doctor's thesis. If H. K. D. is more than casually interested he may soon have access to it in the University of Chicago libraries or may secure the list of novels by writing to me and arranging for a typescript. . . .

"For a reader who is casually interested your suggestions are good. If he wishes more he might look at Joseph Kirkland's THE MC VEYS and THE CAPTAIN OF COMPANY K (both historical); Will Payne's JERRY THE DREAMER, THE MONEY CAPTAIN, THE STORY OF EVA, and MR. SALT, Robert Herrick's THE MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN (and five or six others by Herrick), Dreiser's THE TITAN and THE GENIUS, Willa Cather's THE SONG OF THE LARK, Edna Ferber's THE GIRLS, Isabella Holt's THE MARRIOTTS AND THE POWELLS, Ada and Julian Street's TIDES, Janet Ayer Fairbank's THE SMITHS, Ruth Russell's LAKE FRONT."

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

Before the Gold Rush

CALIFORNIA IN 1846. *San Francisco: Grabhorn.* 1934.

REFERENCE has been made in these columns to previous issues of the "Series of Rare Americana" issued by the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco. The final volume in the second series—"California in 1846, described in letters from Thomas Larkin," "The Farthest West," E. M. Kern, and "Justice"—is fully up to the previous issues. It is an interesting volume, a sort of scrapbook of miscellaneous matter held together by its pertinence of place and date. In addition to the documents which are here printed or reprinted, giving first-hand accounts of life in California, there are ten reproductions of portraits and views, the latter reproduced in the original colors and by substantially the original processes. There is also a section of biographical sketches.

We suggest that any one who wants to see not only good bookmaking but interesting bookmaking as well, at very reasonable prices, cannot do better than acquire these books.

Announcements

The Colophon will be continued (the sixth year begins next spring) in smaller page size but with enlarged contents, at $6 a year. The publishers state with regard to the contents: "The present dignified tone will be retained, but articles of a timely nature will now be accepted and the effort, in general, will be to make *The Colophon* more broadly interesting and more directly helpful. New and uncultivated fields of collecting will be pointed out, and more interest will be shown in the problems of the inexperienced collector and of those with a limited budget. Books about collecting will be reviewed, and there will be departments for notes and comments and for letters from subscribers, the aim being, through these changes in policy and price, to reach more readers and thus to broaden the quarterly's influence."

James Guthrie, of the Pear Tree Press, Flansham, Bognor Regis, Sussex, England, announces the publication of *The Book Craftsman,* a magazine for printers and collectors of fine editions. It will appear quarterly, at ten shillings a year, the first number ready in October.

Reports

Apparently people read this column, even if they don't read it correctly. After our review of a recent book the publisher received a letter addressed to "William Morris, Printer of the Wooly Whale." . . . One of the best looking catalogues received recently is Philip C. Duschnes' "First Editions and Fine Press Books." . . . The best book of humor of recent note is the *Staff Manual* of the Bodleian Library. For example: On January 2: "Boys to be reminded about their undertaking not to carry matches, etc." May 24: "'Eights' celebrations to be watched for." Thursdays: "Checques to be written." Fridays: "Checques to be paid." The daily routine is given *in extenso:* 6 a.m.,"Bodley and Camera furnaces to be stoked," 9:15, "First trolley starts for the Camera," 6:55 p.m., "Bodley janitor to perambulate reading rooms," and finally, between 9 and 9:30, "Bodley furnaces to be banked up."

The William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor held an exhibition of Forgeries and Facsimiles lately, and has issued a running description of the fifty items shown. Such exhibitions are always interesting, and, as the Library points out, the present one is "timely."

Connecticut Printing

SOME NOTES ON EARLY CONNECTICUT PRINTING. By Albert Carlos Bates. Meriden. 1934.

Printing was introduced into the colony of Connecticut in 1709 by Thomas Short. The history of the press in this state is not especially remarkable, save for the efforts of Abel Buell, the first type-founder in America. While there is no definitive account of Connecticut printing, various writers have treated of the subject—Trumbull, Loye, Evans, and McMurtrie—and not least Mr. Bates. His latest essay was first published in the *Papers* of the Bibliographical Society of America in 1933: it has now been reprinted in simple but comely form by the Meriden Gravure Co., with the addition of a reproduction of the unique copy of the Sermon printed by Timothy Green, Connecticut's second printer, in 1728.

While Mr. Bates's "Notes" are barely more than that, the information and the suggestions therein contained are a worthwhile addition to the literature of the subject, and it is good to have so pleasant a reprint available.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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SLIGHTLY LOWBROW YOUNG LADY, Southern Ohio, interests, dancing, golf, detective stories, theatre, wishes to know gentlemanly kindred spirit. Box 216-A.

FEMININE DIOGENES, ardent admirer of books, the contemplative life, and solitude, seeks epistolary companionship with someone equally shy and thirtyish. Box 217-A.

WOULD LIKE to hear from Thomas Wolfe enthusiasts, the night-wanderers! Nodora.

TO EMPLOYERS—AMERICAN, 29, who is not a salesman, bookkeeper, nor stenographer, but with college training and keen mind, wishes position offering opportunity and salary. Box 218-A.

DISSOLUTION threatens young, strong, dark male B. A., musical, artistic, literary talents, unless employed immediately. Tutor, reader, companion, secretary. Unillusioned, ambitious, creative; references. Box 219-A.

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DOES ANYONE want Stackhouse's History of the Holy Bible, Third Edition, two volumes, full Morocco? Box 221-A.

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DO YOU BELIEVE young children's education the most important thing in the world? Have you racial, social or religious prejudices? Have you initiative? If you are a man, are you masculine? If you are a woman, are you feminine? Have you a personality that attracts? Have you "education" or background, or both? Have you teaching ability? Do you want a job? Are you big enough to answer these impersonally? Box 223-A.

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TRAVELLER: Does anyone visiting the Orient desire a lady companion? Can drive. Box 226-A.

WHO WANTS travel letters from cultured young man with sense of humor going to England in April? Box 227-A.

CONNECTICUT GIRL OF TWENTY-SEVEN, with not too bad an education, living in Revolutionary farmhouse she helped to remodel, would enjoy making some new friends. Possesses sense of humor, enjoys life, people, books and music. "One hour out." Box 228-A.

VISOMAT: AND I THOUGHT YOU LIKED RED CHERRIES! ANNIE.

PERSONALS

ITHACA. Thanks for cutting. That fellow is a glutton for newspaper notoriety. How reckless of him to expose that FOLIO to the naked air. The UNIQUE "Faerie Queen," allegedly inscribed by Spenser to a gal four years before he met her, is kept under GLASS. In delicatesseries, Camembert is kept under GLASS. George Frisbee.

EXPERT TYPIST exchange services round-trip Kansas City, July. DUNNY.

SHOULD A VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS Mendelssohn, Wieniawski, Beethoven with breath-taking beauty be allowed to pine away in an attic? Who'll resuscitate this modern "Paganini"? Speak up, you would-be managers, sponsors! Mischa.

WOMAN, 47, commercial teacher, fond of Art and Sports, would welcome correspondence with man of similar interests. Elizabeth.

ARE THERE any genuine single gentlemen left? Correspondence desired by professional woman, 34. Southwest. High ideals, sense of humor. "Doubtful."

WANTED loose-leaf stamp album. Collector.

WAITING FOR LIFE TO BEGIN. Perhaps new contacts would help. "Wall Street."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE phœnix fancier of this department wishes to lift a salutary chapeau to *Paul Palmer,* late of the old *New York World,* who has now become editor of the new *American Mercury* which its business manager, *Lawrence E. Spivak,* recently purchased from *Alfred A. Knopf.* The April issue will see the change in publisher and editor. I saw Paul at a New Year's party of Mrs. Knopf's, but the old fox divulged nothing at that time. I hope he makes a great success of his magazine, as I feel sure he will. . . . I hear that *Francis Hackett* intends to do Charles V in biography, "if," he says, "I can afford it." Meanwhile he is going to orientate himself in three novels—one novel for Ireland, the second for America, the third for Ireland again. The first, he thinks, ought to be finished this spring. . . . The success of "Delay in the Sun," that novel of *Anthony Thorne's* that the Literary Guild chose for January, has enabled the young author to give up his job as an advertising copy-writer. He has this interesting thing to say about taking notes for a novel, for he contends he can remember more vividly without them:

> Every detail and, better than details, that something has to be recaptured which is even more than color and scent and sound and which anyone who relies on notes would have long since forgotten. Perhaps that something is a nameless emotion which cannot be set down but can guide the pen. [And of his novel] I knew the people so well that I must have been writing that novel for years before I had ever thought of writing it.

Esquire has reprinted in a smart, slim pamphlet for wide distribution, "No More Trouble for Jedwick," *Louis Paul's* story which won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for 1934. This, the author's first story, was accepted by the first magazine to which it was submitted. . . . I went to a very pleasant party for *Louis Bromfield* at *Cass Canfield's* and marveled again at Louis's conversational ability. Harper is bringing out his new novel this spring, and he brought three plays over with him. The two men in American literature that stand out, to me, as human dynamos are Louis and *Sinclair Lewis.* . . . That mysterious new publishing house of Leaf, Mahony, Seidel and Stokes sent me a publicity note about a month ago in which they mentioned seeing off one of their authors from the 42nd Street and 2nd Avenue Elevated station. Said author, named merely and succinctly "*Mun,*" left for Mott Street, Chinatown, this city, to work on a novel to be entitled "Po Mee, the Son of the Dragon." Po Mee indeed! . . . It seems that *Max Baer,* heavyweight champion of the world, is an inveterate reader of Western stories. He spent his younger days in Livermore, where one of the world's best rodeos is an annual feature. He doubtless knows the works of that Londoner, *William MacLeod Raine,* who has spent more than fifty years over here, written thirty-odd Western novels, and can boast a sale for them of over two million copies. . . .

I thank *Carlton Wells* of the University of Michigan for his letter to me *in re* my animadversions on "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." I am certainly inclined to agree with the English novelist, *E. B. C. Jones,* whose remarks in *The New Statesman and Nation* he quotes to me. She wasn't very strong for the book. . . . But Mr. Wells liked Mr. Chips, in spite of that. . . . I applaud the news that *Mark Van Doren's* "The Transients" is to be published in England by William Heinemann . . . I hear good things of *Vincent Sheean's* "Personal History," the Literary Guild selection for February. He likes caviar for breakfast, which he was served, with tea, on the way from Baghdad to Kurdistan; though his Cockney chauffeur would have none of it. He ate bread. . . . *Eugene O'Neill* is working on a new play at his home in Sea Island, Georgia. . . . I can certainly recommend "The Sea Sequel to the Weekend Book" which Random House has just published. It's a six hundred page anthology, one of the Nonesuch Press-Random House publications. The original Weekend Book sold over a hundred thousand copies in England and America. . . . *Louis Untermeyer* goes to Italy in March, because he was recently awarded the E. N. I. T. Prize by the Italian Government for his book "The Donkey of God." As his publishers point out, the jaunt might therefore be called "Travels Because of a Donkey." This trip is also really a delayed honeymoon for Louis, as about a year or so ago he married *Judge Esther Antin* of Toledo. His wife will accompany him on the six weeks' trip. . . . *John Knittel's* "Via Mala" has been attracting a good deal of attention. He was born in Dahrwar, India, the son of a Swiss clergyman. He worked in a bank in London and then with an export house of the American film industry, purveyors of the old Biograph and Kalem pictures. No less a novelist than *Robert Hichens* helped him write his first book, "Aaron West." Then he managed the Apollo Theatre in London. And so on. He has had a varied life. Finally he actually bought an oasis in Egypt, where he now raises date palms and sheep! Oh, for an oasis in some vast wilderness! . . .

When you learn that the Irish Academy of Letters made its first award for the best work written in Gaelic to one *Muiris O Suilleabhain* for his "Ficho Blian ag Fas," you may not recognize the author or the book. But as a matter of fact they translate into *Maurice O'Sullivan* and "Twenty Years A-Growing." The author, that young policeman from the Blasket Islands, has now resigned and has bought a hotel in Dingle with the proceeds from his book.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Two of the Quercuses and the Phœnician (as we were saying last week) enjoyed being guests of the Philadelphia booksellers at their annual festival. Speeches were made, and Mr. Ted McCawley, president, made the unguarded announcement that the Philadelphia Booksellers' Association had a cash balance of $535.05. Whereupon Old Quercus insisted on a round of Sauterne. ☞Mr. Tom Daly recited poems, Mr. Hal Borland of the *Evening Public Ledger* rose gracefully to the occasion, Mr. Bernard De Voto told that he had once worked in a bookshop in Utah, and two of Philadelphia's most charming bluestockings, Catherine Drinker Bowen and Frances Prentice, were introduced. Mrs. Bowen's first book, *Friends and Fiddlers,* is shortly to be published by Little Brown.

☞The meeting was held at the Poor Richard Club, whose members that night were all at some hotel celebrating Ben Franklin's birthday with Will Rogers. ☞The first thing you see inside the Poor Richard Clubhouse is a split infinitive—a notice saying that "Philadelphia, the Birthplace of Freedom, issues a Call to Arms to all Advertising Men to publicly declare," etc. ☞Philly was never very strong on syntax: here's the New York *Post,* which now has a Philadelphian as its publisher, saying of its Encyclopaedia premium "nothing in publishing history has rarely if ever approached it."

☞We note with regret the death of Rutger Bleecker Jewett, kindly and scholarly gentleman, who had been for 24 years head of the editorial department at D. Appleton and Company. According to Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.'s forthcoming book, *Farewell to Fifth Avenue,* Rutger Jewett was one of the very few people in the publishing business who could be seen at all important Fifth Avenue social functions.

☞*Time's* issue of January 28 devotes the front cover and the leading piece in the Book Department to Kathleen Norris, on the occasion of her fiftieth book, *Woman in Love.* This seems to Quercus to be taking the decimal system too seriously. Particularly since we found little in the page-long story that was not already familiar from reading Doubleday's publicity and Alexander Woollcott's anecdotes. ☞The most interesting of the spring catalogues we have seen is Knopf's. Each page is laid out as a separate ad; the copy is short, and it's all snappy and readable.

☞Heaps of luck to the alert gals, Bosley and Beer, on the opening of their new bookshop on the fifth floor at 342 Madison Ave. They were formerly connected with the Britannica Book Shop at the same address. Business goes under the Britannica name, address, and phone number.

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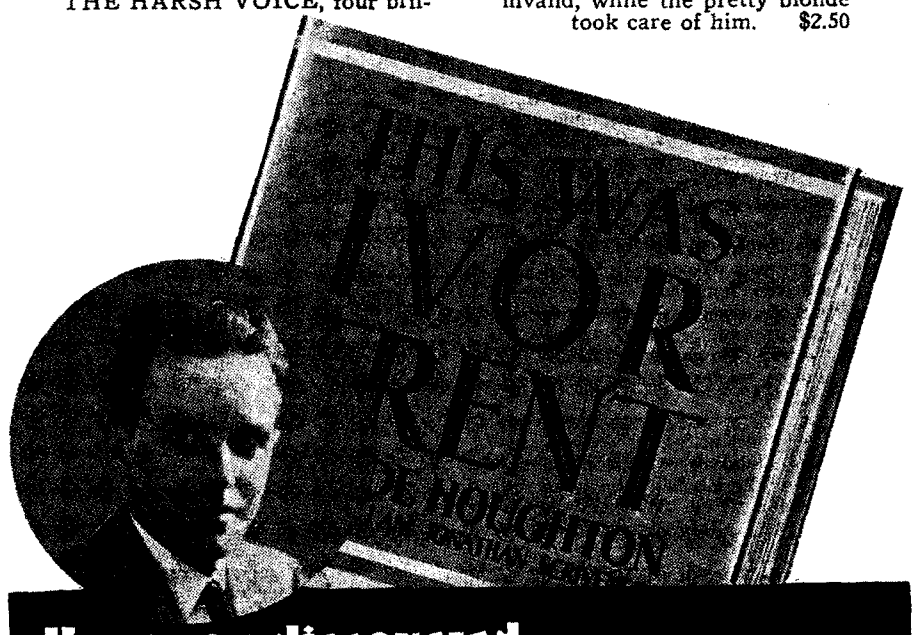

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